

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 328.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1834.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

✂ This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*A Bibliographical Catalogue of Books privately Printed, &c.* By John Martin, F.L.S. London: Arch.

In general, we feel a distaste to books privately printed: either the works were not worth preserving at all, or they merited more general circulation. This, of course, will be the observation of nearly everybody, who takes up a production of which some twenty, thirty, or fifty copies only have been issued. It is defeating the great end of that art which makes knowledge both imperishable and universal: in many cases, a work even of excellence might almost as well have continued in manuscript, as to be thus limited. If one man have acquired more learning than another, or if he have the power, by efforts of imagination, to elevate and enlarge the understanding, and to improve the faculties of others, it is his duty to make the attempt. What should we say of a surgeon, who, passing by when an accident had occurred, should hesitate, or refuse to apply his skill? It is the same with the mind: we are bound to do our best to make others as wise and as good as ourselves, provided we are really wiser and better than our neighbours. "Divide with reason," says Lord Bacon, "between self-love and society." The usual incentive to private printing is self-love, without any regard to society: the authors wish to gratify their vanity without the risk of responsibility; they like to see themselves in print without the danger of criticism.

These remarks have been produced by hastily turning over the pages of Mr. Martin's very beautiful, and, in its kind, nearly perfect work. Every reader must be struck by the quantity of type and paper wasted upon the great majority of the productions there registered; perhaps three-fourths of them never ought to have been written, much less put into print; and all that remains to reconcile us to the fact, is, that it employed a certain number of hands, who might otherwise have wanted work, and occasioned the expenditure of a certain sum of money that would, perhaps, otherwise have been hoarded. Sir Egerton Brydges is a most amiable and highly accomplished man; in 1813 he established a private press at Lee Priory, of which Mr. Martin (p. 379) gives a full account; but, putting out of view his own pieces and those of his relatives, let us ask, what single work issued from it which merited the heavy expense incurred in that issue? Sir Egerton would answer, for he has answered, 'Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.' Why, the cost of that work, (supposing it to be worthy the highest admiration, which we are disposed to deny,) as prepared at Lee Priory, was about as many guineas as it required shillings to purchase Pickering's reprint with numerous curious additions. We only mention this by way of illustration. Among other information supplied by Mr. Martin, is a long

and complete list of all the publications (if publications they may be called,) under the superintendence of the Roxburghe Club. We have recently had a good deal to say respecting this celebrated association; we have denied its utility, and excited some surprise by asserting that so few of its reprints were of intrinsic value. We know them all, and we only ask our readers to turn over the pages of Mr. Martin's book from 457 to 486, and to look at the titles and the particulars he furnishes, and then to form some judgment for themselves. We had occasion to mention many, and to distinguish several that merited approbation, but we omitted one, a notice of which was not then particularly required, and Mr. Martin's able and accurate work enables us to supply the deficiency: we allude to the two 'Chester Mysteries,' or old religious plays, on the Deluge and on the Slaughter of the Innocents, which were printed under the care of Mr. Markland. However the prices of other Roxburghe books have fallen, this has always obtained a large sum; it has been sold as high as twenty guineas, and never, we believe, below ten guineas; and we only wonder that the editor has not yet consented to give it a more extended circulation than it can ever enjoy while only fifty-three copies are in existence. The learned essay which precedes the two plays, has indeed been reprinted by Mr. Boswell, in the third volume of his edition of Shakspeare; to it the author could, no doubt, after recent discoveries, make important additions; and we think a public service would be rendered by Mr. Markland, if, now the club is extinct, he would superintend a republication of his whole volume.

In the preface to his elaborate work, Mr. Martin gives a brief sketch of private presses in England, from the reign of Henry VII. downwards; and here we have to notice the almost solitary omission of which he has been guilty in this department. He tells us that the reign of James I. "appears to have been little disturbed by the productions of private presses." He is right in this general remark, but he ought to have made an exception, in reference to the private press set up and long used by the celebrated George Wither, author of satires published under the title of 'Abuses Stript and Whipt,' and of a hundred other productions in verse and prose, given to the world between 1613 and 1666. In his *Masque at Court* of 'Time Vindicated,' presented in 1623, Ben Jonson introduces Wither by the name of *Chronomastix*, and asserts that he kept his materials for privately printing his works

In a hollow tree, where, to conceal him,

He works by glow-worm light—the moon's too open: which, of course, we are to receive as a poetical exaggeration; but there cannot be a moment's doubt that Wither had a private press. In the *Premunition* to his 'Britain's Remembrancer,' written on the Plague of 1625, he tells us, "I was fain to imprint

every sheet thereof with my own hand, because I could not get allowance to do it publicly." The book consists of nearly 600 closely printed pages, so that it was no slight undertaking; but his industry and perseverance were as remarkable as his talents, and overcame enemies as well as obstacles.

We heartily wish that Mr. Martin's plan had enabled him to insert more specimens from privately printed works, in which injury and injustice have been done to the world at large, by non-publication. He has, indeed, now and then stepped out of his usual course for this purpose, but not so often as would have been expedient, had he not been afraid of swelling his volume to too large a bulk. It would be no unpleasant task to collect, and hereafter to make public, such specimens, culled with judgment, from a mass of tedious trash, and it would form an agreeable supplement to the work now before us. We recommend him to think of this suggestion.

That much is sometimes lost by the reluctance of authors to give general circulation to their productions, may be judged by the following translation, into English, of a Latin poem by Marc Antonio Flaminio, who was patronized by the celebrated Cardinal Pole, and died in 1550. It is addressed to his paternal home, to which Flaminio returned after a long absence.

Dear mansion, once my Father's home!  
Sweet farm, his pride and joy!  
Ye could not shield, ye could not save,  
When he was carried to the grave,  
His little orphan boy.

A stranger came with iron hand,  
Lord of that evil day:  
And drove me forth with weeping eye,  
To seek, through toil and poverty,  
My miserable way.

But now my gracious Prince restores  
The Poet's home again:  
He comes with his victorious reed,  
To teach the river, mount, and mead,  
A proud, yet grateful strain.

He comes, in your dear latticed room  
To dream of childhood's days:  
He comes, beneath his father's trees  
To mix with rustic melodies  
The great Farnese's praise.

Break forth, my Father's blessed home!  
Thou prize of minstrelsy!  
He comes—thy good old master's son—  
Up with thy tuneful benison:  
Give praise and melody.

This version was made by the late Rev. E. W. Barnard, son-in-law to Archdeacon Wrangham, and is to be found in a volume privately printed by the latter in 1829. We should also like to have had a quotation or two, perhaps more, from a satire which, a few years ago, excited a good deal of attention in fashionable circles, (not that they are, in general, the best judges of literary merit,) written by Mr. H. L. Bulwer, brother to the novelist, under the title of 'To-day and Yesterday.'

The mention of fashionable circles has brought to our recollection a clever literary trifle, written by a lady of plebeian origin, but now united to a peer, which had for its avowed object the improvement of those cir-

cles. It was privately printed about three years ago, but as it consisted of only a single sheet octavo, it has escaped the notice of Mr. Martin. It was entitled a 'Prospectus of a Plan for the Improvement of the Fashionable Circles,' by the establishment of what the noble authoress calls 'a Royal Intellectual Bazaar.' It is a very pleasant and good-humoured, though satirical, *jeu d'esprit*, and as there can be no reasonable objection to a more widely extended knowledge of its contents, we shall not scruple to make a quotation or two from it, to show still farther that the public sometimes sustains a loss by confined circulation of productions of merit. Explaining the purpose for opening the 'Royal Intellectual Bazaar,' the tract thus commences:—

"It has long been a subject of reasonable lamentation amongst those who have the advantage of frequenting the very highest circles of fashion, that that most useful and necessary article of consumption, *small talk*, or *polite conversation*, has, for want of proper care and cultivation, fallen grievously into disrepute, so that the designation itself bears with it the stamp of ridicule. Great wits will not descend to talk small, and the small talk of fools is too insignificant to be tolerated.

"We appeal to a judicious public, whether a plan might not be devised to furnish the first-mentioned class with smaller (and more current) ideas than those which they are themselves in the habit of conceiving; and the second with such as may soar somewhat above their ordinary flight. Thus the two extremities would be brought nearer to each other, and both would amalgamate better with the great mass of moderate intellect which occupies the middle space between them.

"A joint stock company has, therefore, been formed, with a sufficient fund of ideas to produce, at fair and reasonable prices, such topics, anecdotes, jokes, criticisms, &c., as may, when got into general circulation, very materially tend to improve and enliven the intellectual atmosphere of that hallowed and unattainable sphere which is viewed at a distance with admiration and envy, but which is found on a nearer approach to be encumbered with fogs and vapours, as dense, heavy, and oppressive as those which envelope and obscure this physical atmosphere of the great chaos which furnishes the atoms of which it is composed."

To this succeeds a list of goods to be sold at this new Bazaar, with the prices affixed: we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of extracting a sample or two:—

"Criticisms on the Fine Arts, in packets, each containing fifteen well-turned sentences. Those on music will be accompanied by the first two bars of fine popular airs by Rossini and Weber, for such purchasers as can hum a tune. Those on painting will have in the packet twelve technical terms of art, and the names of sixteen of the great artists of the Italian and Flemish schools, to be introduced by the purchaser as opportunities may offer.—1s. 6d. each packet.

"Platitudes for balls, &c., adapted to pleasing insipid young ladies, and military whiskered dandies—a remarkably cheap article, to be sold wholesale in large bags, each containing about 250 sentences. N.B. One bag would serve all the subaltern officers of a regiment through two sets of Almacks, and might be available at second hand in country quarters.—1s. 3d. per bag.

"French phrases meaning nothing, but being dexterously introduced according to the accompanying paper of directions, affording a pleasing and elegant polish to polite conversation.—Just imported from Paris in bottles. It is requested

that the sealing-wax should not be removed from the corks till the last moment, as the spirit is so subtle that it quickly evaporates.—5s. per bottle."

These are followed by other commodities of a similar kind, arranged under sundry heads, all the items being drawn up with equal taste and spirit. The subsequent are among those "for the use of travellers."

"Sarcasms on the want of taste in England.

"Do. on English climate.

"Do. on everything English.

"Rhapsodies on every thing foreign.

"The four last articles are sold at the low rate of 1s. 6d. per thousand. N.B. Two gentlemen who have been considerable purchasers of these goods, have been elected members of the Travellers' Club, without having been farther from London than Epping Forest."

Mr. Martin's 'Bibliographical Catalogue' also includes notices of some works of extraordinary cost and splendour, prepared and printed at private expense, such as the late Lord Bute's Botanical Tables, which he made out for the Queen about the year 1785, and which he procured to be engraved and printed at a charge of not less than £12,000, the number of impressions being only twelve, so as to cost, therefore, £1,000 per copy. It is a pity, under such circumstances, that what is called the Natural System of Botany, adopted within the last 20 years, should have now rendered his Lordship's tables of little use. Sir Richard Worsley expended £27,000 upon the engravings, &c., for his Collection of Antiques, but in this instance 250 copies were printed. These particulars, and many others of the same kind, are found in Mr. Martin's work, which is certainly one of the most accurate and valuable productions of the class to which it belongs. It must have cost the author years of labour and research, for which no sale can ever repay him.

*An Encyclopædia of Gardening; containing the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Arboriculture, Landscape Gardening, &c.* By S. C. Loudon. Parts I. & II. London: Longman.

For nearly a century, the 'Gardeners' Dictionary' of Philip Miller was the standard work on Gardening in this country. The numerous editions which rapidly followed each other—the gradual growth of the book till it arrived at the dimensions of a portly folio—the praise of foreigners, who called its author *Hortulanorum Princeps*, and the great mass of excellent matter which it contained, gave it an authority which few works on such debatable subjects as the *art* of gardening, have acquired, either before or since. In course of time, however, it became a mere bookseller's speculation; and the name of Miller's Dictionary was used as a "catching title" for a production in four ponderous tomes, by the late Professor Martyn, of Cambridge, in which the original matter was fairly smothered by the botanical erudition, as some said, or by the paste-and-scissors skill, of its learned editor, as others more maliciously, but more truly, asserted. From that time forward, similar liberties have been taken with the name of Miller. Mr. George Don found it a convenient title for his translation of *De Candolle's Prodomus*. A number or two of what is impudently called the ninth edition of Miller's Dictionary, in 8vo, has lately appeared, under the editorship of

some person who has had wisdom enough to conceal his name, the very first article in which is a piracy from the Penny Cyclopædia, mixed up with the most astounding instances of blundering and absurdity; and we are actually threatened with another ninth edition, under the care of Mr. Professor Rennie, of Chancery notoriety.

It is, however, probable, that without the aid of editors, the increasing knowledge and education of that part of the community which takes an interest in horticultural affairs would have brought Miller's Dictionary into neglect; the plan of that work is unsuited for the times we live in: we do not want to find books on Gardening incumbered with technical definitions of plants, intelligible only to the practised botanist; on the contrary, it has at length been discovered that information upon the systematical parts of Botany is only to be profitably sought in books especially devoted to such subjects; neither will people now be satisfied with instructions in the art of cultivation drawn up like the receipts in a cookery-book. The world would know the reasons why one method of doing a thing is better than another: no longer the *temporis acti laudator*, a gardener expects to be furnished, in such works, with full information upon all the discoveries in which the age is so prolific; and he will not (or, at least, he should not) rest contented with being told that a thing is good, because his grandfather thought so. Those "palmy" times for book-makers are gone by, we trust never to return.

Such considerations led, about fourteen years ago, to the appearance of one of the most remarkable books with which we are acquainted, the title of which stands at the head of this notice. Its author, Mr. Loudon, states that the object of the work was, after omitting all that relates to mere botanical description, to introduce the important subjects of design, taste, and the arrangement of gardens; and also to show the rise, progress, and actual condition of every branch of the gardener's art, from raising a salad to constructing a hot-house, or decorating a palace garden. This extensive project was effected in an octavo volume of between fourteen and fifteen hundred pages of letter-press in small type, illustrated by nearly six hundred wood engravings. It was, of necessity, in a great degree a compilation, and sometimes not a very skilful one; but it was no piracy, being written with honesty and openness. Books, whence information was drawn, were in all cases carefully acknowledged; and this, independently of its right-mindedness, was important to the reader, because it often enabled him to judge of the value of the information itself, by the general reputation of the authority upon which it was given. This we think it simple justice to the author to state, in these times of profligate plunder of literary property.

When the Encyclopædia of Gardening first appeared, considerable difference of opinion was expressed as to its merit. There were those who extolled it to the skies, as a miracle of clever compilation and a mass of useful practical information; others, on the contrary, pronounced it a worthless collection of all that was bad, mixed with but a little that was good, and so blemished by errors as to be practically useless. In the end, the public settled the question of its utility by the pur-

chase of several large editions, and the work has come to be generally recognized as a standard digest of horticultural affairs.

It was, nevertheless, true, that its errors were extremely numerous: it was not free from expansions upon matters of faith, which had nothing to do with the subject, and which good taste should have suppressed; and the little botany it contained was of an indifferent description: but all these were as nothing compared with its importance as a key to everything known of horticulture at the time of its appearance. That its blemishes should not have been earlier and more generally corrected, has been with us, we confess, a subject of surprise; but it would seem as if the author had been reserving his strength, and waiting till he should have collected information and materials enough to enable him to do so effectually; for this his last edition, of which two parts have now appeared, is in fact a new work, in which all that was valuable of the original seems to have been retained, the less important part omitted, errors, whether of fact or opinion, unsparingly corrected, and the essence of all that has appeared since 1822 incorporated. The latter part of his undertaking is the most difficult; not so much on account of the quantity of really new matter that has appeared, as of the enormous load of rubbish which the press has of late years poured forth, in the shape of periodical gardening publications,—mixed, however, with a good deal of matter of considerable practical value, if any one had but the patience and skill to extract it. We trust Mr. Loudon possesses the latter, as we are sure he does the former. We also trust he will introduce a chapter, which we do not remember in the first edition, upon the important subject of climate, and its effects upon vegetation—a subject universally neglected by horticultural writers, and yet in a far greater degree the foundation of the art of cultivation than soil, manures, and all those *earthly* agents upon which writers on gardening so much insist.

Extracts from such a work as this would give no idea of its nature, especially as the letter-press loses much of its interest if separated from the wood-cuts, many of which, such as the ideal view of the Garden of Eden, after Martin, p. 5, the Divi Ladner, or Forbidden Fruit of Ceylon, p. 4, and an Italian View after Breemberg, p. 30, are specimens of wood engraving and printing carried to the highest perfection. We, therefore, refer our readers to the work itself, as one which is indispensable to every one that would possess, in the compass of a single volume, the essence of all that is worth knowing about modern horticulture.

*Excursions in the Holy-land, Egypt, Nubia, Syria, &c.* By John Madox, Esq. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

BEFORE we commence our extracts from these volumes, let us say something of the manner in which the author has acquitted himself in the two-fold capacity of traveller and author. He is bold, venturesome, and patient; not daunted by high mountains, rapid rivers nor savage inhabitants; but his powers of observation, or rather his talent for recording what he has seen and felt, are not equal to his spirit. He has roamed over interesting countries, seen scenes which millions in

our isle will never be able to gaze at, and kept company with strange hordes of semi-barbarians, by whom he was entertained, ridiculed, caressed and robbed, as they happened to be in the humour: yet he has failed in making his book as interesting as his journey must have been. It is not enough to say that he walked up a hill and then walked down again—that he measured the remains of an old temple, and found the dimensions very great—and that he saw very interesting groups of ladies seated under palm trees, and chiefs of rank standing in a grove of figs and almonds. Our author has too much of this; he is anxious to get over a given quantity of ground, and scarcely thinks that his chief duty is to watch nature, and record her looks and speech by the way. He is not particular enough; his records of the country and the people are too diplomatic and general. With all these drawbacks, nevertheless, we are glad to see this work: the writer is conscientious and honest: he has no wish to paint Palestine as a Paradise, nor the fierce Bedouins of the desert like heroes. When he chooses, he can write with graphic skill; and he now and then shows us a power which we wish he had exerted oftener.

We promised, in our last number, a scene from the wars of Achmet Pacha. The battle was a sort of skirmish and race; many were shot or speared down, and a hundred or so taken prisoners. The latter were disposed of in a tragic way:—

"April 20.—All was quiet last night; but this morning a number of Arabs were brought here from the villages and from the mountains on the other side of the river. There were ninety-five of them, generally speaking, well-made and fine-looking fellows, with scarcely any dress on, except round the middle. When I saw them, they were sitting very quietly on the ground, tied together by a rope passing round the arms and back of each. Returning from a stroll on the banks of the Nile, I was accosted by the Piedmontese officer, who informed me that Achmet had just walked from his tent to the place where the Arabs, who had been taken prisoners were; that, after just looking at them, he gave orders for them to be shot—*en masse*! I was disgusted at hearing this, and I kept on my way, but, after a pause, thinking as I was here I might as well be present, I returned and stood among the throng, and witnessed this dreadful butchery.

"A battalion of one hundred of the new-raised Arab infantry advanced and fired, but few, apparently, fell at the first fire; they fired again, both times at the word of command; and, finally closing in, discharged their muskets a third time. The Turkish soldiers, who were looking on, then used their sabres to pierce those who were struggling! This was a revolting spectacle; but I confess, though I felt so much shocked in returning to see them, yet during the scene it did not strike me with that horror I had anticipated. Whether it was from the colour of the people, not observing the blood to flow, or from their taking it so quietly, (most of them sitting with their arms akimbo, and the moment the Arab soldiers fired, seeing the heads of the party fall, drooping as it were on their shoulders, and with little or no noise,) I cannot tell; but I confess my feelings were not so worked upon as I had expected. Perhaps the true cause of this was, that my attention was partly taken off from this horrible scene by the circumstance of two of the Arabs, who had broken loose at the first fire, and dashed into the Nile, trying to swim over to the other side; but the current proved too strong for them, as

it propelled them more to this side, and whilst carried down the stream, several shots were fired at them; this continued during the massacre of their comrades."

Our author left Nubia, and desiring to see the splendid ruins of Palmyra, proceeded on his way through the wilderness. At Hammah he met with friends, who told him an armed guard of three hundred men was necessary to protect him from the roving Arabs: here he was hospitably entertained. These wild men of the desert know how to live.

"At about four P. M. we set out for the secretary's house, and soon after arrived at one of the most lovely spots imaginable. Here were wheels of enormous size at work, conveying water into aqueducts, supported upon arches, in the midst of a garden: the *tout ensemble* formed a delightful scene. Upon our arrival at the secretary's house, aqua vitæ, in small cups, was given to us; and we walked out on the terrace on the top of the house to survey the scenery around. This was in the form of an amphitheatre, the middle of which was a delightful garden, full of a variety of trees, and the houses gradually sloping down above each other towards it. Returning from the terrace, aqua vitæ was again offered us, and we walked into the garden and shrubbery, through an extraordinary and narrow entrance. We then returned to the divan, and music was introduced—a Jew playing a sestet, a Turk two little drums, and another singing. Candles were now brought in; sherbet was handed about, and sixteen or eighteen dishes were placed on the round dinner-table, principally of vegetables, fowls in soup, &c. Bread and napkins were given us, and a sort of plate. We had brought knives and forks, and each helped himself from whatever dish he pleased. The room was under an archway and quite open to the air, and I observed on the walls some sketches of a horse-race, drawn in pencil, by Mr. Bankes, who had lately been here."

Moving onward towards Palestine, our tourist entered the land of Imaylys, a tribe who inhabit some two hundred villages, a few of which are fortified, and maintain the worship of the Venus of Libanus,—"*the expiring embers*," says Clarke, "*of those holocausts which once blazed in honour of the Sidonian Astarte*." Here he was entertained in a way less to his pleasure than at Hammah.

"Dinner being announced, we passed through some dirty rooms and dirtier attendants, and then crowded round a table about a foot high, to the number of eight or ten besides ourselves: the governor, to our surprise, standing up amongst his guards and servants. The dinner, or perhaps it was their supper, was the most simple I had seen, consisting of three piled up dishes of rice and one of wheat, and round the table were a dozen brown earthen dishes filled with beans, garlic, balls of wheat, and gourds, with a sort of soup or gravy poured amongst them. The bread was laid on the floor at our feet, and large wooden spoons were placed on the table. With these we helped ourselves to the rice, and then dipped it into the little dishes of soup. There was no meat on the table. In about five minutes a pan of water was brought to us, and as some got up, others in attendance took their places. We were soon glad to escape to our own apartment, where we obtained some roasted fowl and tea, and after smoking, retired to rest. The apparently strange conduct of the governor in remaining standing, we were afterwards told, was meant as a civility to us, and he sat down to the table as soon as we left it."

On his approach to Mount Lebanon, Mr.



Madox was astonished by the towering head-dresses of the ladies: vanity is the offspring of every clime, and belongs to all races, civilized and savage.

"The costumes of the inhabitants of the mountains of Lebanon are very curious, and of great variety of colours; those of the higher order are particularly rich and splendid. That portion of their dress, however, which most attracts the notice of the traveller, is the silver and gold tantoura. This is a hollow tube, worn generally by the females; those worn by the princesses are embossed and studded with diamonds and other precious stones; it is fastened on the forehead, and projects about sixteen inches. Over this is flung a white muslin or crape veil, which falls rather gracefully down the back. The women appear to be remarkably shy. If perchance you happen to be passing a fountain, whither they resort with their pitchers or jars for water, they immediately conceal from view their faces, drawing the large loose white veil, which covers the tantoura, closely over their head, leaving sometimes only visible a sparkling black eye! When an opportunity presents itself, they have no dislike to this being seen by a European. They frequently stop while you pass them, with their back turned towards you, their faces directed to the bank or hedge. These tantouras are principally worn by married women, but some unmarried females of the lower classes also wear them; these latter are sometimes made of wood or thick paste-board. It undoubtedly at first sight has a very extraordinary appearance; but still a more curious effect is produced by the side tantoura, or trumpet, for I know not exactly what to call it. This is worn in other neighbouring districts. It is tied on close to the temple, a little above the ear, and is of a very different shape, being much larger at the projecting end: they are generally of silver, or silver gilt, with ornamental engravings, and are, like the others, hollow; for if solid they would be insupportable."

He began to ascend Lebanon, on his way to Damascus: here and there a house was stuck among the rocks; and here and there a wild stream leapt foaming down the mountain side; but these picturesque matters were forgotten when he came within sight of the magnificent cedars of the mount. They are between five and six hundred in number; they stand upon hillocks, some in a valley at the foot of the higher part of the mountain, and a few scattered about the lower parts of it. Our traveller resolved to bivouack on the mount.

"The guides at length being all present, and leaving with them a partridge they had shot on their way, I desired a fire to be made, and dinner to be prepared under another tree, and while this was being done, cut out my name on it, finding it would yield to my knife, and seeing the names of Messrs. B. Barker, Fish, and King, and of several others whom I know. This tree measured twenty-seven feet in circumference a little way from the ground. Under the branches of this noble tree, (which, when we arrived, were of a fine green, but which had become loaded with the snow that was falling,) we made, between one and two o'clock, a large fire; and, having roasted a couple of fowls, a piece of mutton, and the partridge, and spread my carpet, we dined, having given up all idea of crossing the mountain on my route to Damascus, for this day. Being provided with wine of the village and aqua vite, I and my guides and servant, six in number, soon made ourselves comfortable round the fire. The guides sang and danced, drinking my health, 'Viva Signor Madicks!' and declaring that they never had such a treat under the cedars before. At about four it cleared up a little, and I prepared to return to Bshirrai, but previously to this went

to see the largest of the cedars, which is on the northern hillock, a little on the side of the mountain, and which I found to be thirty-nine or forty feet in circumference. This has three very large stems and seven large branches, with various smaller ones. I dated and began five letters under the largest tree, the snow falling part of the time. Three guides preceding me, I now made the best of my way to the village, and was welcomed back by the ladies of Bshirrai. Pipes and coffee were handed round, and some of them told me a long story about five men who had set out the night before from Tripoli for Damascus, two of whom had perished on Mount Lebanon from cold and fatigue. This, however, I only considered 'a weak invention of the enemy' to deter me from going at this late season to Damascus, and told them that none but a madman would have thought of going on to-day, but that we should see to-morrow, a word always to be heard, everything being put off by them."

At Damascus he had the good fortune to meet with Miss Abbott, the daughter of the British Consul, who enabled him to give a very graceful account of a visit which she paid to the village of Brumana, belonging to the Druses.

"At the period of our visit, the village was in mourning for its chief prince, whose death had taken place a few days before we arrived; but six others yet remained, which struck us as a tolerable supply for so small a territory. One of these princes called upon my father, who shortly after returned the compliment. On this occasion, the chief princess (a Druse) sent word that she wished to see him, and offered either to receive him in her own apartments or to come to him. My father left the matter to her own convenience, and she preferred the latter. The princess in a short time entered, when my father with the princes rose. They, however, almost immediately resumed their seats; but he, observing that his fair visitor remained standing, did the same, and on her desiring him to sit, explained to her the custom of England in such a case. She sat down directly, and entered into conversation, offering the usual compliments, and excusing herself from visiting us, as contrary to the custom of the Druses while in mourning, adding that, as soon as she was able, she would not fail to do so. She came soon after, and was extremely kind. At her invitation, we attended her daughter's marriage, of which ceremony I will give you some little detail.

"When betrothed, the prince, her future husband, sent the bride-elect a ring, and other golden ornaments for her person, after the acceptance of which, neither the prince nor any male stranger was permitted to see her; certain prayers are then read by a priest, and from that moment she is regarded as espoused. A short time is suffered to elapse, after which her husband sends for her. There is no fixed period at which he is obliged to do this, but, during the fourteen days which precede his requisition, he repeatedly forwards presents to her, and, five days before she is summoned from her father's house, despatches a confidential woman with others of greater value, such as diamonds and pearls for the head, necklaces, armlets, dresses, &c. Under the care of this woman she is bathed. Her hands are stained red, and her face painted like that of a doll. When this is completed, she is seated in a corner and required to keep her eyes closed during the whole day, except at the hours of eating.

"The day before her removal, a prince and princess, with a considerable retinue, are sent by the bridegroom to escort her to him. In the evening after their arrival, the bride is taken from her room and paraded round the court-yard, for the gratification of the villagers, who flock

in to see, and take leave of her with benedictions. In the procession there are about fifty women, bearing lighted candles, who precede and follow the bride: and a princess on either side of her acts as her supporter. As before, her eyes remain closed. There is a second night of parade, and, on the following day, the princesses, who are relatives, take leave. The bride is then mounted on a richly caparisoned horse, sent by her husband, and, accompanied by the princes and princesses, with about fifty men and twenty women, proceeds to his residence. Here she is received with every honour and respect; the inhabitants of the village in which the bridegroom dwells welcome her; and, on alighting, she is led to a room, where an attendant priest joins the couple in 'holy matrimony.'"

On reaching the terraced hills near Jerusalem, he obtained a full view of that once splendid city: it lay lower than he expected, appeared small, and seemed lonely and deserted. The dome of the Church of the Sepulchre he thought heavy, large, and broad, and sombre in appearance. Here is the account of his visit to the place which for seventeen centuries had been the resort of pilgrims—some with swords and some with prayers:—

"I went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on my showing to the Turks, waiting at the door, where they sometimes smoke and drink their coffee, the paper from the Pasha of Damascus, they told me to pass on, and soon after the paper was returned to me in the church. Immediately as you enter, and elevated about a foot above the pavement, is a large slab of yellow-veined marble, with a sort of marble framework, about a foot high. At each end are four large candlesticks with wax-lights, and directly over it eight lamps are burning. On this slab was placed the body of our Lord when taken from the cross to be anointed before burial: and here, as people enter, they crowd around, men, women, and children, falling upon their knees, kissing the slab, and rubbing their cheeks upon it. I went forward and entered the rotunda, or chapel, between the columns or pillars which support the dome: of these, there are eighteen, and upon each is a painting. Directly under the dome was the Sepulchre of our Saviour, in a chapel or screen of stone, of an oblong shape, with one end as it were cut off, and forming the entrance. Many pilgrims were going in, pulling off their shoes or boots at the door, but this is not done by Franks. Stooping through the low doorway, I entered the chapel, which is about eight or nine feet square, and not more than six or seven in height. It is paved with marble, and has marble ornaments on the sides, with a great number of massive lamps kept constantly alight. As soon as the number of pilgrims, who were kissing the place, permitted me to proceed, I squeezed into the other room, of about the same height but less in breadth, in which there is scarcely room for two people to pass beside the tomb, at least whilst they are kissing and rubbing their faces upon it, which some pilgrims kept doing for so long a time that the attendant told them to go.

"This is the spot on which our Lord was deposited, and a priest occasionally sprinkled the slab with honey-water. The attendant took money from those who chose to give it, and I observed my servant, (who had kissed and rubbed his cheeks upon the marble like the rest,) throw him down a three-piastre piece, and on his telling him I was English, he poured some of the scented water into my hand. This room was also well lighted up. At the round end of this screen is a small chapel of the Copts, having been added afterwards to the Sepulchre. This part of the church consists only of the dome, and receives a good light through a large

circular aperture at top, which has only an iron network. On entering, the church appears smaller than would have been expected from the external ponderous appearance of the dome, but more lofty, from the whole building being in such a hollow. The entrance of the Sepulchre faces a few steps that lead into and through the body of the Greek Church, passing under the other dome of the Greek part of the church, to which you ascend by a few steps."

Mr. Madox, though a venturesome traveller, was never but twice in real danger. The first time the danger was over before he was aware of it, and the second time he brought it upon himself. In the plains of Sharon he lost some of his baggage, and seizing three Arabs, bound them, and would have carried them off. He was pursued by the tribe to whom they belonged.

"The kaffeh or caravan was at this time stretched along in Indian file, with the muleteers and baggage in the rear. Our path lay down the gentle declivity of one of those hills which skirt the western borders of the plain of Esdraelon, and on either side were high weeds and grass, so that we naturally fell into the position above mentioned. Presently an Arab came riding furiously along, by the side of the kaffeh, then stopped suddenly and set up a loud cry. In a moment we saw a large company pouring down upon us. The dragoman of Mr. Bromhead now levelled his piece to shoot the man who came first on horseback. If he had fired, we should in all probability have been cut down by the infuriated mob which was coming, but he was ordered not to fire, and as he did not seem to hear, a Moslem, one of our companions, ran, up caught hold of his gun, and prevented him from shedding blood. The Moslem had scarcely got hold of his gun, when one of the Arabs who were pursuing us came up in a most determined manner, with his sword drawn, and running to the prisoners, with one blow of it severed the rope which bound them together, then cut the cord which tied their hands, and set them at liberty, giving one of them a heavy blow on the shoulder; for what reason we could not understand."

All was confusion and terror, when one of the chiefs of the tribe appeared upon the scene, and restored order and gave peace; and our traveller resumed his journey.

*Adventures d'un Marin de la Garde Impériale, &c.—Adventures of a Sailor of the Imperial Guard, &c.]*

[Second Notice.]

Soon after M. Ducor's escape from Cabrera, he was reinstated in his corps, which was ultimately attached to the grand army, and marched to Russia. He has drawn a most terrific picture of the sufferings of the soldiers during their retreat from that country. Some of the personal anecdotes will bring the scene vividly before the reader:—

On the day on which the Emperor quitted the banks of the Beresina, I was about a hundred yards in the rear of my company, when a man of my own corps, but with whom I was scarcely acquainted, approached me.

"Could you lend me twenty francs?" said he. "For there is a soldier selling small loaves, and I must have one."

"Comrade," I replied, "you apply to the wrong man; for since we left Smolensko I have not had a single sou!"

"Well then," said he, "suppose we set out together on a marauding expedition; perhaps we may find wherewith to make bread and biscuit. I am quite exhausted."

"Agreed," I replied; "but our company is

already a good way off; and if we don't take care, we shall be unable to come up with it again."

"No matter," said he; "we shall eat, at all events."

We accordingly struck into the first cross-road, and in about a couple of hours reached a village, the remaining houses of which were falling a prey to the flames, which had destroyed the others. There were no inhabitants; but we saw about a hundred marauders like ourselves driving away, or butchering the cattle which had been abandoned there. We immediately followed their example, and soon succeeded in killing a fine black hog. This was a splendid capture; and we dragged it into a barn, in the middle of which there was a large fire, at which some of the soldiers were warming themselves.

"Who will have pork?" we asked, "in exchange for bread or biscuit?"

No one replied, for each had abundance of meat. We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with a broiled chop. As we ate, we looked at the sky: it was dark and lowering; the snow fell in large flakes; the cold was intense, and night near at hand. This shook our determination to leave immediately; and we, moreover, yielded to the temptation of a good fire, the delightful warmth of which eased the aching of our weary limbs. All, in short, seemed to invite us to enjoy a repose we had not had since we left Moscow. My companion was now attacked with dysentery, and became so ill that it decided the question. . . .

Day had not yet dawned, when I roused my companion. He rose with regret, and forth we sallied, taking with us one of the quarters of our hog. Soon after, we heard the report of a cannon, then another, and, after a short interval, many others in rapid succession. This sound made us thrill with joy.

"Let us quicken our pace," said I, "the French army is not far off."

But on account of my companion's weakness, we advanced but slowly; and just as we were about to enter the high road, we perceived a small body of cavalry.

"They are Polish lancers belonging to the rear-guard," said my comrade.

"No such thing," I replied, after looking at them attentively; "they are Cossacks. Let us cock our pieces, and get under the shelter of the wood." And, without losing a moment, I retreated towards the forest, thinking that my companion was following me. He was, I knew, very weak; but I thought that the presence of danger would have roused him to exertion. On turning my head, however, I found that he had stopped. I beckoned to him.

"No," he replied, "I can go no further."

"Come, friend," said I, "make an effort."

"Impossible!"

"At least, defend yourself."

"It is useless."

The eyes of the Cossacks were as sharp as ours. My companion yielded himself prisoner. Resolved to defend myself, I continued to run towards the forest, but not at full speed, lest I should be out of breath when it became necessary to act. Three Cossacks pursued me: I heard the galloping of their horses, and their dreadful shouts; I therefore suddenly stopped, and getting behind a huge pine tree, awaited their approach. The foremost of them soon appeared. I presented my piece; he stooped over his saddle to avoid the shot: I fired, and saw him fall. I immediately quitted my tree, and ran for it, trying, as I ran, to draw my bayonet, which was entangled in my accoutrements. Unhappily, the further I got into the wood, the wider were the trees asunder, and the Cossacks were soon at my heels. The trunk of an enormous tree lay across the road; I tried to leap over it, but my foot sank into a hole

covered with snow; this made me stumble, my firelock flew out of my hands, and I came to the ground. I now gave myself up for lost. Before I could move I was wounded with three lances. I thought my last hour was come; but the Cossacks made me a sign to rise, and though I could scarcely move, I was forced to obey.

Eventually, both M. Ducor and his companion escaped from the Cossacks; but the latter was soon after frozen to death. M. Ducor himself wandered about the country; fell in with various bodies of French prisoners, who, without guards, were prowling about like beasts of prey, with scarcely a trace of their human character. The following is an instance of generous kindness, which deserves to be recorded:—

Whilst we [a Swiss youth having now joined him,] were warming our emaciated limbs by some burning logs of pine, a tall, thin, raw-boned Cossack approached. His countenance seemed so ferocious that we drew back in horror and affright. He advanced towards us with a soldier-like air, and spoke with extreme volubility; but we could not understand a word he said. Vexed at this, he evinced a feeling of anger; but a moment after his features assumed an expression of benevolence; and perceiving that the clothes of my companion were stained with blood, he made signs expressive of a desire to see the wound, and that we should follow him. On arriving at the first hut, he ordered a woman to prepare forthwith a bed of straw, and warm some water, saying he would return in a few minutes. The woman muttered something between her teeth, spread a little straw, but forgot to warm the water, and we dared not remind her of it. When the Cossack returned, he asked us, by a rapid sign, if any food had been given to us: we made a sign in the negative. No doubt he had ordered her to give us some supper, for he called, and seemed to scold her. She then showed him a small tub containing a few beans, and appeared to assure him that this was all she had in the house. This we did not believe. The Cossack became angry, and threatened, but to no purpose: all he could obtain from her was, that she would warm some water. He again went out, and returned in a few minutes with a piece of wild boar, which we eagerly devoured, though it was half raw. Whilst we were eating, the benevolent Cossack looked at us with an air of satisfaction, checking us, however, with his hand, lest we should make ourselves ill by eating too greedily.

After our meal, he again spoke to the woman; and from what we could make out, the dressing of our wounds was the subject of conversation. He asked her for some rags, but she always replied, "*Niema nieta*"—I have nothing. The noble-hearted soldier at last seized her by the arm, and forced her to search every corner of her hut; but the search was vain. Irritated at her obstinacy, he drew his sword; the woman uttered a piercing shriek, and we, believing that he intended to strike her with it, threw ourselves at his feet, and besought him to spare her. A smile tranquillized us, for we easily understood it: he had intended only to frighten her into an act of humanity.

The woman trembled in every limb: nevertheless, she produced no linen rag, and the generous Cossack unbuttoned his uniform, took off his shirt, cut it into strips with his sword, and began to dress our wounds. During this operation he talked a great deal, and mingled in his animated speech many Polish and German words. But his jargon was unintelligible to us. His actions, however, revealed to us the benevolence of his feelings. . . .

He was on his knees, but as this posture tired him, he seated himself upon the ground, and placing the young Swiss between his legs, wash-

ed and cleansed his shoulder with extreme care; then addressing himself to me, he seemed to talk of extracting the ball with an old knife he had about him. On his attempting gently to separate the lips of the wound, the Swiss lad uttered an involuntary cry: he immediately gave up his attempt, and placing his head upon that of the poor boy, seemed to be begging his pardon for having given him pain. I then, in admiration of his conduct, seized his hand, and pressed it strongly in mine. Trying to recollect all I knew of Polish, Russian, and German, I made an attempt to speak to him, but my heart was too full. He understood me. When my turn came, he examined my wounds, and made me a sign that they were very slight, and would heal without any further dressing. \* \* \* He was still attending to us, when one of his comrades called out "Paulowski." It was thus we heard his name. He left us, carrying our blessings along with him.

The following is a deplorable picture of suffering:—

Daylight brought with it the same eternal sight: pine trees, vast white plains, and extinguished fires. Twenty times, in the course of the day, we beheld swarms of prisoners wandering about in all directions, without guards. We overtook several of these bands, who allowed us to pass them without even looking at us. The heads of all were invariably either sunk on their bosoms, or so surrounded with rags and strips of uniforms, that they preserved not the least shape of human heads. I questioned many of these prisoners, but not one replied. When I turned back to look at them, I saw nothing but grim faces, hollow cheeks, features begrimed with smoke, and beards bristling with hoar frost and icicles. Fastenings of every kind either kept on fragments of shoes, or served in their stead. The covering of these poor fellows were halves, thirds, and quarters of great coats, trousers burnt up to the knees, and a hideous variety of white and black sheep skins torn from the backs of the cavalry horses. There were also bits of fur, the last remnants of the plunder at Moscow; and strips of handkerchiefs of all colours, fragments of petticoats, and shreds of tarred canvas taken from the baggage trains, upon which were crowns, and eagles, and grenades, and great N's. All these spectres wandered without order through immense forests of pines, the branches of which seemed breaking under the weight of the snow. And these were the soldiers of the grand army!

Here is another picture of misery:—

Here again we saw fires; they were Russian bivouacs. Round the first were about a score of men thawing their frozen bodies. From the rags that covered them, we perceived that they were French. Certain of being driven away, if we approached without a load of wood, we searched the neighbourhood, and took with us the fragments of the nearest fire to theirs, which was uselessly lending its warmth to four corpses. A fifth individual was yet alive: we asked him to join us, but he chose to remain where he was, and die.

With our burning wood in our hands we joined the other party. The ranks opened at our approach; but it was only to receive our fuel. Each then resumed his place, and shut us out. We protested against this breach of faith and humanity; but we might as well have talked to the winds.

"At least, give us back our firebrands," said the little Swiss.

Our just claims were, however, unattended to. Every man warmed himself, and made us no reply. At length our expostulations became so vehement, that two soldiers told us to sit down upon the body of one of their companions, who, as they assured us, had been dead half an hour.

"Sit upon him if you like," said his neighbour; "but he is still alive."

"Well!" exclaimed one of the two men who had first spoken to us; "let them stand, if they don't choose to sit upon him. For my own part, I shall not stir."

"Nor I," said every other.

In our uncertainty whether the man was alive or dead, we sat down with the greatest precaution. The body slightly moved; and whilst we were gone to fetch some water, the poor fellow expired. We then seated ourselves upon his body without scruple.

We pass over a horrible account of a quarrel about the entrails of a horse, to come to the following:—

The cold was dry and intense. The sun appeared; but what a sun, Great God! Despoiled of his rays, he resembled a pewter dish, and threw out a light only just sufficient to make the reflection of his dim beams in the snow most trying to the sight. My eyes, already weak and bloodshot from the bivouac fires, did not cease twinkling. Notwithstanding this inconvenience, which was the least of the ills I endured, I continued to advance, and had been walking for the two last hours towards Wilna, in constant dread of meeting the Russians, when suddenly, and without any perceptible transition, or being able to account for what I felt, this dread was changed into stupor at seeing nobody near me. My heart became oppressed, and I stopped. I measured these immense solitudes with my eye, and seeing them covered with dead bodies, thought myself the only living being in the world. This idea struck me with affright!

Those Russians whom I had seen depart—the horsewhippings I had received—the barbarity of the Jews—and the existence of my Swiss lad—all appeared to me as the dream of a distempered mind. I felt my limbs; for I doubted of everything, even of myself. My senses were leaving me. To change the course of my thoughts, I leaned against a tree, and persevered in keeping my eyes shut for two or three minutes, fully persuaded, that when I again opened them I should return to reality. This precaution restored me to myself, but without dissipating my fears. I was pusillanimous as a child. I was under an inexplicable spell, to break which, it would have been necessary for me to hear the rolling of the drum, and the cry of "Forward!" or the report of artillery. But the din of war had ceased—all was silent as the grave, and I was alone in these vast plains of snow. What a field of mourning! I had never seen so many dead together; and yet the Russian armies had taken no share in this slaughter—the climate alone had been the destroyer.

Each trunk of a tree supported a victim. In some places four or five bodies were grouped in the most whimsical attitudes: one on all fours—another squatted upon his haunches—a third with his knees touching his chin, and his arms folded outside his legs, which were drawn close to his chest—a fourth with his arms resting upon his thighs, his head reclining, and seeming to be asleep.

But that which excited my surprise the most, was to see a gunner standing behind his piece, with his hand upon the breech of the gun, and facing Russia. The Russian army had defiled before him, and had respected him. He was in the midst of this ocean of snow, like a monument raised in commemoration of our disaster. I could not help going up to this dead soldier. I walked twice round him, looked at him in stupid astonishment, and was surprised that he did not speak to me. His looks were turned to heaven; and from the contraction of his lips, he seemed as if deprecating its vengeance.

A somewhat similar anecdote is told by the Duchess of Abrantes, in her account of the escape of that she-devil, Doña Catalina

de Erauso, from Chili to Tucuman, by crossing the wildest and most inaccessible part of the Andes:—

"Pouce de Leon secured her escape from the convent, and having received from him a horse, arms, ammunition, some provisions, and a small sum of money, she advanced boldly into the desert, where she felt almost sure of perishing. Three days after the commencement of her journey, she overtook two soldiers on horseback. Such a meeting, and in such a place, was well calculated to excite her apprehensions. The soldiers had equal reason to fear her, and the travellers accosted each other with mutual mistrust. These two men were malefactors who had fled from justice; but Catalina saw in them only two men resolved to die rather than be taken. This was just what she wanted. She had the advantage of intellect over them, and made use of it to subdue them to her will.

"They long followed the sea coast. In these dreary wilds, the presence of man is almost unknown. The temporary hut of the nomadic shepherd, even at immense intervals of distance, is not to be seen. There is no fisherman's hut to offer its hospitable roof to the weary traveller; no inhabitant to welcome him, even in an extent of territory equal to a European kingdom. Nothing strikes the eye but arid sand, intersected with vast sheets of water, displaying here and there tufts of sea-weed:—the hand of man is nowhere visible. And yet this was the easiest part of their journey.

"The provisions of the travellers soon beginning to fail, they killed one of their horses, then a second, and afterwards the third. This last resource was soon exhausted. They were at this time in the wildest part of the Andes. Ever since the preceding day, they had reached the frozen regions, and piercing cold added to the sufferings they already endured. They walked with great difficulty, and often dragged themselves on by seizing the frozen rocks. Catalina was by far the strongest of the three.

"On a sudden, one of her companions uttered a shout of joy; he saw a man smiling at him. The soldier had only strength to point out the stranger to his companions: he then fell upon the snow and called for help; but he was past all human aid. Catalina, who had immediately perceived the stranger, ran forward, and saw a second close to him. She called to them in the language of the country, for they were Indians. But neither answered—both remained motionless, leaning against a block of ice. She approached them, they stirred not—there they stood with a smile upon their lips. But it was the smile of death—they were frozen to the block—they were stiff and cold."

With this anecdote we conclude our notice of a work, in which we have hardly found so much to interest us as we anticipated: it is too full of naked horrors.

*The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London.* Vol. III. 1833. Part II. London: Murray.

THE second Part of the proceedings of this valuable Society during the year 1833, having come before us in this collected form, we cannot but call the attention of the public to the interest and importance of the contents of the volume. The substance of many of these papers has already appeared in our Reports of the transactions of the Society—and we proceed to give extracts and abstracts of such of the remainder as will, we think, prove most generally interesting.

"On the Seiches of Lakes," by Colonel J. R. Jackson, (being a second, and, in some degree, a supplementary paper of a series en-



titled Physico-geographical Essays—the first containing observations on Lakes).

"The Lake Leman, or of Geneva, has been long remarkable for a phenomenon known by the name of *seiches*, and which has been considered peculiar to this lake: it consists of a kind of ebb and flow of the waters of the lake, in certain parts, without wind or any other apparent cause. While the phenomenon lasts, the waters are seen to rise and fall several times in the course of a few hours. These oscillations, more or less considerable, sometimes attain the height of five feet, though the general maximum seldom exceeds two feet: in the greater number of cases the rise is confined to a few inches, the minimum being 0. • • Although the duration of the *seiches* is very variable, its greatest extent seems not to exceed twenty or twenty-five minutes, but usually lasts a much shorter time.

"It appears unquestionable, that the phenomenon of the *seiches* is due to an unequal pressure of the atmosphere on different parts of the lake at the same time; that is, to the simultaneous effect of columns of air of different weight or different elasticity, arising from temporary variations of temperature or from mechanical causes; and if such be in fact the case, all lakes of a certain extent, and even inland seas, must be subject to the same influence, and therefore present the same phenomenon; and I have little doubt but that correct observations will verify this presumption.

"Moreover, the effect of unequal atmospheric pressure, in producing inequality in the level of the surface of large masses of water, once established as a positive fact, will throw much light upon several subjects interesting to physical geography, particularly upon that of currents, as affected by sea and land breezes, irregular winds, sudden changes of temperature, the configuration and aspect of coasts as regards the sun; and the consequent periodical influence of reverberated heat on the density of the circum-jacent air.

"It is, therefore, upon these considerations that I am desirous of calling to the subject the attention of such persons, as from the habitual nature of their occupations, or their studies, or their love of science, are best enabled to add to our knowledge regarding it."

'The Backwater of Malabar,' extracted from a memoir addressed to the Madras government by F. C. Brown, Esq.

"Nature has provided South Malabar, and nearly all Travancore, with a noble system of inland navigation, called the Backwater. Such a gift to countries without roads, or wheel-carriages, or beasts of burden, is calculated to be of inestimable value. The Backwater extends from Chowghat in Malabar north, to Trivanderam, the capital of Travancore, within fifty miles of Cape Cormorin south, a distance of one hundred and seventy or one hundred and eighty miles. A continuation of it is in progress of being *naturally* formed; and is, in fact, navigable for small boats, during the rains, from Chowghat to Cotah, sixteen miles south of Tellicherry, a further distance of about ninety miles: and all that this portion requires is that the bed be deepened during the dry weather,—the rivers descending to the sea, every eight or ten miles, will flow into and fill the deepened bed during the rains.

"The Backwater runs nearly parallel to the sea, sometimes at the distance of a few hundred yards, at others of three or four miles. Its breadth varies from twelve and fourteen miles to two hundred yards; its depth, from many fathoms to a few feet. Into this Backwater, as into a grand trunk, all the numerous rivers flowing, like so many veins, from the Western Ghats, are discharged and retained. The Backwater empties itself into the sea only by

six mouths; of all which, the only one navigable for ships is the mouth on the south bank of which is situated Cochin. There is a bar at this mouth; the depth of water on the bar at high-water spring tides is seventeen or eighteen feet. • • Within the bar, the Backwater expands into a fine estuary, three, five, and six miles wide, at least twelve miles long, and deep enough for the largest ships:—dows and pata-mars, of sixty and seventy tons burthen, load and discharge at the water's edge; ships, at the distance of a cable's length."

'On the Communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific.'—Captain Phillips, R.N., communicated to the Society some valuable information, received from a merchant for thirty years acquainted with the country, as to the practicability of opening a direct communication between San Juan de Nicaragua, and San Juan del Sul, on the Pacific. This, in his informant's opinion, might be easily effected, by cutting a canal from the town of Nicaragua to the port of San Juan del Sul, and by establishing steam-boats on the lake and river of San Juan de Nicaragua.

On comparing this project with that of the road proposed to be made from La Trinidad to Chorrera or Panama, its advantages, says Captain Phillips, are obvious: "for the former passage leads alone to the Pacific, whilst the passage by San Juan de Nicaragua would affect the whole commerce of Costa Rica and central America, and most likely be the means of a commercial transit to the South Seas." Three ports in the Pacific are likely to be of use in the proposed communication—the port of Real Lejo, distant about fourteen leagues from the town of Leon, with a harbour capable of containing even line-of-battle ships; San Juan del Sul, fourteen leagues distant from Nicaragua, a perfectly secure port, with four fathoms water close to the shore, and considered a healthy situation; and Puente d'Arena, a safe and commodious port in the gulph of Nicoya, on the Pacific, from whence a direct intercourse is maintained with all parts of Costa Rica, by a road twenty-six leagues in length.

From Guatemala, the capital of central America, to Cartago Interior, in Costa Rica, is a distance of four hundred leagues; the road passes through the towns of San Anna Grande, San Salvador, San Miguel, San Carlos, whence it crosses the bay of Fonseca, and so onward through Pueblo Viejo, Chinandega, Leon, Pueblo Nuevo, Margoroti, Matiares, Managua, Massaya, Grenada, Nicaragua, San Juan a Casti, Esparsa, A la Huela, Heredia, San José, and Cartago. When it is considered that this great road passes from town to town in a direct line—that a communication is kept up by post, and by Arrieros—that the proposed canal to San Juan del Sul intersects it—it all speaks in terms most favourable as to San Juan del Sul being the most desirable position for the passage to take place.

Lieut. Emery furnishes 'A short account of Mombas and the neighbouring Coast of Africa,' which contains some curious information:—

"From Tanga (a little south of Mombas) to the Equator, the coast is inhabited principally by a quiet and intelligent race of men, called *Solihies*: these, judging by their present mode of building houses, as compared with the numerous ruins of ancient towns all along the shore, must have been a great nation. Their

complexion formerly was similar to that of the Arabs, which can plainly be inferred by the sallow appearance of many of the old men; but the present generation are nearly black, owing to intermarriage with the inland tribes called *Whanekas*. • • • The island of Mombas is wholly Mohammedan, having in the two principal towns eight mosques. About twelve miles to the northward is the hamlet of Mtuapa, situated at the entrance of a small river, which runs about sixteen miles into the country. About a quarter of a mile from Mtuapa are the ruins of a large walled town, one of whose gateways is still standing, having a *pointed* archway; as have also the windows and doorway of the place of worship, which resembles a Christian cathedral, except that it is not built in the shape of a cross. Three miles farther to the northward, are ruins of another town; and I have been informed by the natives, there are ruins all along the coast, within a day's journey of each other."

Mr. Brooke has communicated an interesting paper on the Mahavillaganga river, well known as the largest stream in the island of Ceylon:

"It takes its rise from the mountains in the Kandyan country, and after encircling the city of Kandy, flows in an easterly direction almost as far as Bintenne, when it bends suddenly to the northward, and after running some distance, divides into two streams, one falling into the great bay of Trincomalie, the other, which is called the Virgel, into the sea, twenty-five miles southward of Trincomalie. • • • A bridge has been recently thrown over the Mahavillaganga, at Peradenia, consisting of a single arch (principally of satin-wood) of two hundred and five feet span. The roadway is twenty feet wide, and its height above the river at low-water mark about sixty-seven feet. The arch is composed of four treble ribs transversely distant from each other five feet from centre to centre. The arch was commenced in the middle of July, 1832. The centering was struck on the first of October, and the roadway was completed before the first of January 1833. This bridge was designed and set up under the superintendence of Lieut-Colonel Fraser, deputy quarter-master-general of the forces in Ceylon."

'Recent accounts of the Pitcairn Islanders,' extracted from a letter from Captain Freemantle, of his Majesty's ship *Challenger*, dated 30th May, 1833.

"At Otaheite I understood that all the Pitcairn islanders had returned to their island, having been assisted by the missionaries and the Europeans on the island to freight an American vessel to convey them, they being very discontented and unhappy, and a sickness having become prevalent amongst them, which had carried off twelve of their number.

"Having, therefore, as far as lay in my power, settled all the complaints which came before me, and tried to impress upon the authorities of Otaheite the necessity of preventing the recurrence of the piracies which have recently taken place among the islands to windward, I proceeded to Pitcairn's Island, off which I arrived after a passage of twelve days. The ship was immediately visited by most of the men of the island, who came out in their canoes to invite the officers on shore; they were all well-dressed, and in every respect had the appearance of Englishmen. I was sorry, however, to find that they were not improved by their visit to Otaheite, but on the contrary, as I had reason to think, were much altered for the worse, having, since their return, indulged in intemperance to a great degree, distilling a spirit from the tee root, which grows in great quantities on the island. I found on the island a Mr. Joshua Hill, a gentleman nearly seventy

years of age, who appears to have come from England expressly to establish himself amongst these people as a kind of pastor and monitor. He had not been on the island more than two or three months, and was officiating as school-master, having quite succeeded in supplanting the Englishman who had acted previously in that situation. He informed me that on his arrival he had found the island in the greatest state of irregularity. He landed on a Sunday, but found most of the islanders intoxicated, and the Englishman 'Nobbs,' who acted as their pastor, in such a state, from the effects of drunkenness, as to be incapable of performing his duties; he had consequently taken them upon himself, wishing to render as much service as possible to the islanders.

"The number of people in the island at present is seventy-nine, and there appears to be an abundance of vegetables of every description. They are not themselves under any alarm respecting a want of water, saying, that as their numbers increase they must dig more reservoirs and wells. With respect to food, I am satisfied the island is capable of supporting nearly a thousand persons; the soil is particularly good, and most part of it being as yet uncultivated, there is little fear of scarcity.

"It is impossible for any person to visit this island without being pleased with a people generally so amiable, though springing from so guilty a stock, and brought up in so extraordinary a manner. And although I have no hesitation in saying, that they have lost much of that simplicity of character which has been observed in them by former visitors, they are still a well-disposed, well-behaved, kind, hospitable people, and, if well-advised and instructed, would be led to anything; but I fear, if much left to themselves, and visited by many ships, which now is not an uncommon occurrence, that they will lose what simplicity they have left, and will partake of the character of their neighbours the Otaheitians. The present generation of children is the finest I ever saw; and out of the whole number, seventy-nine, there are fifty-three under twenty years of age, who appear to have been well instructed, many of them being capable of reading, and nearly on a par with children of the same age in England."

It is grievous to think that the happiness and moral purity of this interesting colony should be endangered by the turbulence and bad example of three Englishmen, run-away sailors, whom, unfortunately, the natives have allowed to settle among them.

There is also the interesting 'Memoir on the Civilization of the Tribes inhabiting the Highlands near Dalagôa Bay,' by Mr. Cooley, of which we heretofore made mention; in which he purposes to show, not only that industry and civilization are more or less developed among those nations of the highlands of the interior of Africa, but also that they were once much more manifest than they are at present; and that the country between the Cape Colony and Inhamban, at Cape Corrientes, from the character of its population, its climate, productions, and situation in the vicinity of the Cape Colony, holds out particular inducements to the enterprise of British merchants, that it unites probably more of the elements of a great and civilized community than any other portion of Southern Africa; and it needs hardly to be added, that on these accounts it deserves to be immediately explored.

We have not noticed the most valuable papers—On the Indus, by Lieut. Burnes; on the Euphrates, by Captain Chesney, and others—because the abstracts which first ap-

peared in the *Athenæum* were as full as the limits of our paper would permit, and sufficiently so for the information of the general reader.

*Hymns for Childhood.* By Felicia Hemans. Dublin: William Curry, jun. & Co.

AN able and eloquent contributor long ago† enabled us to do justice to the genius of Mrs. Hemans; but, since that time, the present fairy-like little book, in its green livery, gives us the first opportunity of noticing one of her volumes—for, if we mistake not, she has not published any of her poems collectedly for the last two or three years.

We were always admirers of Mrs. Hemans's poetry, since the days when we sat up for an entire summer's night to read her 'Forest Sanctuary;' and have fancied that of late we could discern a change in its tone which has increased our admiration. Mrs. Hemans has passed through the region of classicism—of pure and graceful, though somewhat cold, correctness,—she has gone nobly over the fair fields of romance, and gathered and given forth its high heroic legends with an elevation and fervour peculiar to herself, and not so much as touched by any of her British or American imitators—their name is Legion; she has displayed the workings of the gentler and finer affections, in verse of the most musical sweetness; but she has now, if our theory be correct, reached a still loftier point than heretofore. We hope that it is not the stern teaching of time and trouble which has infused into her later verses so much of thought and devotional feeling; although, selfishly speaking, we are gainers—for simplicity has gone hand in hand with wisdom—and a certain tendency to mysticism, which was discernible in some of her poetry, has latterly disappeared from it entirely.

These remarks are not to be understood as applying to the tiny book before us—but merely as bringing up our opinion of this gifted woman to the present moment; and yet, a more delicious little volume we never opened. It is not merely a book "for Childhood." All who have been wounded by familiar and fulsome addresses to the Deity, mis-called 'Sacred Lyrics,' or wearied by weak and prosaic paraphrases of Scripture, will join us in appreciating the beautiful taste, and the sweet and simple melody which breathes through every line of these Hymns. We extract at random. They are all good, and some one or two of them old friends.

#### The Rainbow.

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.—Genesis, ix. 12.

Soft falls the mild reviving shower  
From April's cheerful skies,  
And rain-drops bend each trembling flower,  
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call  
A thousand buds to day,  
Which, waiting till that balmy fall,  
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell  
With fragrance fills the shade;  
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,  
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark! what arch of varied hue  
From heaven to earth is bow'd?  
Haste; ere it vanish, haste to view  
The Rainbow in the cloud!

† See *Athenæum*, No. 172.

How bright its glory! there behold  
The emerald's radiant rays  
The topaz blends its hue of gold  
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight  
Was given the vision fair—  
Gaze on that arch of coloured light,  
And read God's mercy there.  
It tells us that the mighty deep,  
Fast by the Eternal chained,  
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,  
Awful and unrestrained.  
It tells that seasons, heat and cold,  
Fixed by his sovereign will,  
Shall, in their course, bid man behold  
Seed-time and harvest still.  
That still the flower shall deck the field,  
When vernal zephyrs blow:  
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,  
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth! which yet  
Smiles with each charm endowed,  
Bless thou His name, whose mercy set  
The Rainbow in the cloud!

#### Christmas Carol.

O lovely voices of the sky,  
That hymn'd the Saviour's birth!  
Are ye not singing still on high,  
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth!"  
To us yet speak the strains  
Where with in days gone by,  
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,  
O voices of the sky!  
O clear and shining light, whose beams  
That hour Heaven's glory shed  
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,  
And on the Shepherd's head;  
Be near, thro' life and death  
As in that holiest night  
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,  
O clear and shining light!  
O star which led to Him, whose love  
Brought down man's ransom free;  
Where art thou?—Midst the hosts above,  
May we still gaze on thee?  
In heaven thou art not set,  
Thy rays earth might not dim—  
Send them to guide us yet!  
O star which led to Him!

Here is a beautiful little poem from among the minor pieces:—

#### Epitaph over the Grave of two Brothers, a Child and a Youth.

Thou, that canst gaze upon thine own fair boy,  
And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,  
And o'er his slumber bend in breathless joy,  
Come to this tomb! it hath a voice for thee!  
Pray!—thou art blest—ask strength for sorrow's hour,  
Love, deep as thine, lays here its broken flower.  
Thou that art gathering from the smile of youth,  
Thy thousand hopes—rejoicing to behold  
All the heart's depths before thee bright with truth,  
All the mind's treasure silently unfold;  
Look on this tomb!—for thee, too, speaks the grave,  
Where God hath seal'd the fount of hope he gave.

*German National Origin*, (or, National Origin of the Germans geographically and historically elucidated, with especial reference to the language). By Henry Meidinger. London: Schloss.

THIS is a work of elaborate research, and will be valuable to the readers of history; while the manner in which the author has treated his subject—connecting his inquiries with a view of manners, customs, institutions, and religions, will make it a readable and interesting book, even to the less learned. We can do no more than give a sketch of its contents. The first section contains an inquiry into the structure, geographical position, and geological properties of the Alps. The second section contains a hydrographical description of the German territory; treating of its noble rivers and harbours as well as of its artificial canals, ancient and modern. The third embraces the actual circumference of Germany, according to its boundary line, as marked by congeniality of language or dialect. The fourth treats of the Teutonic Gothic nations separately. The sixth and the seventh comprise a detail of the state of society, laws, manners, &c. The appendix contains an interesting description of the Roman provinces in Germany, and the Roman antiquities to be found there.



## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## SONNETS.

BY SIR EGBERT DRYDGES.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THOU hast thy life of golden glory run,  
 And clos'd in earth thy mouldering relics lie:  
 The day is silent; but thy soul speaks loud,  
 And from the grave a thousand accents rise,  
 And float on wings of wind, and in the sun  
 Of life are heard with animating cry,  
 And all the vigour of thy voice, endow'd,  
 That round the globe's wide space careering flies!  
 O mystic laws of fate!—why not bestow'd  
 A little longer on our love, esteem,  
 And admiration, ere the fond abode  
 Of angels open'd to fulfil thy dream?  
 Earth had a true magician on its face,  
 While thou wast running thy transcendent race!

Dec. 22, 1833.

## TO THE DEPARTED YEAR.

GONE—never to return!—Into the grave  
 Of ruthless Time for ever thou'rt descended!  
 What hast thou done to make thee fairly  
 known  
 To late posterity—who will run on  
 Oblivious like thyself, the deeds to save  
 Which seek with fond remembrance to be  
 blended?  
 'Tis said that thou the fertile seeds hast sown  
 Of grand reform—whence future glories dawn;  
 But tho' hope in my trembling bosom burns  
 With rays which frosts nor tempests can put  
 out,  
 There also is a mingled fear, which turns  
 My highest prospects into cloudy doubt.—  
 Experience has a frightful lesson taught,  
 Which but with sorrows and with wrongs is  
 fraught!—

Geneva, Jan. 1, 1834.

## ORIENTAL TRANSLATION COMMITTEE.

ALTHOUGH the system of operations adopted by the Oriental Translation Fund does not furnish any public opportunities of making known its progress, and the nature of the literary acquisitions which it is constantly making, yet, at the meetings of the committee, matters of considerable interest to the friends and patrons of Oriental Literature are occasionally discussed, particularly with reference to the works in the publication of which the committee is itself engaged; and we shall have great pleasure in being able, from time to time, to record these notices of the committee's proceedings in our pages.

At a recent meeting of the committee, at which the Earl of Munster presided, complete specimen copies of three new works were submitted; one of these was the *Metrical Arabic Grammar*, entitled the '*Alfiyya*,' edited by that distinguished oriental scholar, the Baron Silvestre de Sacy, who has added a commentary and notes, of which the value cannot fail to be duly appreciated. The second work is a translation from the Turkish by the Chevalier von Hammer, viz. the travels of Evliya Efendi in various parts of the Turkish Empire, in the 17th century. Of the contents of this first volume of the work, many parts are likely to excite considerable interest, particularly the author's elaborate description of Constantinople, and his statistical details regarding the empire in general. Lastly, a translation of Father Sangermano's '*Description of the Burmese Empire*,' compiled by him chiefly from native authorities, has been made from Sangermano's original manuscripts, by the Rev. Wm. Tandy, D.D., a member of the Branch Oriental Translation Committee at Rome, where the work has been printed. Sangermano went out in 1782, and was stationed at Rangoon, where he completed the erection of a Church and Missionary College; and it is curious that a

young Burmese, who received his education at this institution, is now practising his profession in Rome. Father Sangermano returned to Italy in 1808, and died at Arpinum, his native city, in 1819. The work comprises details of the Burmese cosmography, history, moral and physical constitution of the Burmese empire, and an abstract of the Burmese code, entitled '*Damasat*,' or the Golden Rule. The style in which this work has been printed reflects great credit on the Roman press, and evidences the careful supervision which has been bestowed on it by its learned and respectable editors. It is expected that the whole of these works will shortly be placed in the hands of the subscribers.

Of those works now preparing for publication by the Committee in England and on the Continent, of which specimens were laid before the members, we may notice the following: the '*Didascalica*,' or Apostolical Constitutions of the Abyssinian Church; of this, the original Ethiopic text is printing, edited, with an English version, by T. P. Platt, Esq., M.A. The '*Harivansa*,' which may be considered as a supplement to the '*Mahābhārata*,' the celebrated Hindū historical poem. Of this, a translation in French is preparing by M. Langlois, at Paris. M. Klaproth is engaged on a translation of the *Annals of the Japanese Empire*, from B.C. 600, entitled, '*Nipou-o-dai-itsi-rau*,' and this is nearly completed. Professor Flügel, of Dresden, is preparing a Latin version of *Haji Khalifa's* Arabic, Persian, and Turkish Bibliographical Dictionary, comprising notices of upwards of thirteen thousand works, and which, as our readers may be aware, formed the basis of D'Herbelot's excellent '*Bibliothèque Orientale*.' The first volume of this work, it is understood, will be ready by the next anniversary meeting of the subscribers to the Fund; and in the last place, Mr. Dubeux's Persian History of the Patriarchs, Prophets, and Philosophers of the olden time, and of the Mohammedan power, known by the title of the '*Tarikh Tabari*.'

From the correspondence which came under the consideration of the committee, we learn that Professor Wilson has liberally offered his important assistance to prepare for publication a translation, made some time ago by the venerable Director of the Royal Asiatic Society, Henry Colebrooke, Esq., of the '*Sanc'hya Cārica*,' a metaphysical work, containing, in seventy-two stanzas, the tenets of the *Sanc'hya* system of philosophy. Professor Wilson proposes to publish, not only the original text of the *Cārica*, but also that of the '*Sanc'hya Bhāshya*,' the best commentary on the former work, and to add to Mr. Colebrooke's translation of the *Cārica*, an English version of the *Bhāshya*; thus supplying the necessary explanation and illustrations to make the work intelligible and useful. The Committee received and accepted Professor Wilson's offer with the highest gratification, and we believe it likely, that the work will have the advantage of being printed under the Professor's own superintendence, at the University Press. Professor Wilson, we are enabled to state, has also undertaken to prepare translations of the '*Sidd'hanta Caumudi*,' a most valuable and standard grammatical work in Sanscrit; and of the '*Vishnū Purāna*,' a work containing a copious genealogy of Hindū sovereigns, the Life of Crishna, and treating fully on the subject of the principal votaries of Vishnū.

Lieut. Chalmers, of the Madras Army has favoured the Committee with an abridged translation of the *Akbār-Namah*, executed in a manner highly creditable to that gentleman's talents; and we understand that the Committee considers the work of sufficient importance to warrant its requesting Lieut. Chalmers to complete his version.

A translation of a curious work in Chinese, on Rewards and Punishments, offered by Pro-

fessor Julien, has been accepted; and the original text, it is stated, will be printed with Chinese types, cast by a new and simple process, under M. Julien's superintendence.

An intimation was received from Professor Kosegarten, of Greifswald, that he had dispatched three sheets of the *Divan* of the Huzells for the inspection of the Committee, via Leipzig. This *Divan* is a collection of ancient Arabic poems, similar to the *Hamasa*, of which an edition has been undertaken by Professor Habicht; and the translation is to be accompanied by the original text and scholia.

Professor Jarrett, of Cambridge, announced his expectation of being able to complete his translation of the History of the Samaritans, by the end of the present month.

The second volume of Mr. Belfour's translation of the *Travels of Macarius*, and of Mr. Fraser's *Annals of Naima*, were ordered to be proceeded with at once; and a translation, by the Rev. Dr. Bialloblotzky, of a curious Hebrew Chronicle of the Kings of France, and of the House of Ottoman, by Rabbi Joseph, written in the 16th century, will likewise shortly be ordered to be put to press.

Among the translations offered and not yet decided upon by the Committee, we may mention Col. Thomas Gordon's English version of a small collection of *jeux d'esprit* in Turkish; and one of a *Chronology of the Armenians*, by M. J. Glen.

A donation of six Persian manuscripts from Lieut. Alexander Burnes, was announced to the Committee, and ordered to be suitably acknowledged. They were purchased by that gentleman at Balkh, the capital of Bokhara, in 1832, and with a list of them we shall conclude our present notice of the proceedings of the Oriental Translation Committee. 1. *Ajāib al Tabakāt*, an account of the cities and countries of Khorasān, Transoxiana, &c., by Mohammed Taber Ebn Abulkāsim; 2. *Tazkerat al Shoara*, a biography of the most esteemed Persian poets, by Doulet Shāh; 3. *A History of Balkh*, with an account of the holy and distinguished men of that city, by Muhammed ben Omar; 4. *A History of the Family of the Emperor Timur*; 5. *A History of the Kingdom of Bokhara*, from the time of Baber to that of Selim Khān; and 6. *History of the Descendants of Jenghiz Khān*.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WE were startled, as well as grieved, to see the death of Newton, the painter, announced last week in one of our public journals;—we say startled, because we knew at the time that the accomplished artist was living; yet we are not much surprised at the statement, for the rumour of his death was spread far and wide. Newton is living, but his health has suffered a sad decay, and it is more than doubtful whether we ever receive another picture from his hand. The natural elegance of his delineations was strongly felt, and in all the ranks of our Academy we had not a more promising painter. America has reclaimed one of her two gifted sons, in taking Leslie from us; and now ill-health has robbed us of the other.

We have just received an early copy of the *North American Review*. It is decidedly a good number, though not a particularly interesting one. There are able articles on '*Taylor's Life of Cowper*,' '*The Early Literature of Modern Europe*,' '*Decandolle's Botany*,' and '*Story's Constitutional Law*,' an interesting sketch of the *Whale Fishery*, with Reviews of '*Brisson's Memoirs*,' '*Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts Bay*,' and, among other works, '*Men and Manners in America*.' This last is declared to be, "in point of literary execution, one of the best works that have yet appeared upon the United States," but, as a representation of their

state and condition, a lamentable failure. The review is very ably written; so ably, indeed, that we wonder throughout at the thin-skinned sensibility of the writer; "he seems to have been flayed," like Red Jacket, "and to walk about ever since in a pepper-and-salt great coat." One objection which the reviewer makes to English travellers is, that they absurdly draw general conclusions from accidental circumstances, and are as much annoyed by difference of manners as by difference in morals,—assuming too readily that all difference is error; but does the reviewer suppose that English readers cannot see this, and cannot laugh at the poor prejudice which alone is manifest in Mr. Hamilton's account of the breakfast at Bunker's Hotel, and his disgust at seeing eggs eaten out of a wine-glass? But the error is not peculiar to English travellers in America, but common to all travellers. *Reviewers*, too, are apt to argue from particulars, or we should have had a comprehensive notice of Hamilton's work, wherein important errors would have been pointed out if they exist, and if they exist not, an honest acknowledgment, that, as a whole, the impression left after reading the work was correct. It may be very ridiculous to object to eating eggs out of a wine-glass, but not more so than to make a mighty stir in consequence of such an objection, and to favour us with no less than sixty pages of like commentary on like trifles. The writer, however, is a powerful man, and, therefore, much sound matter is scattered over the review.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 6.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, in the chair.—Seven candidates were elected Fellows of the Society. It was announced, that a paper had been received from Dr. Philips, entitled 'An inquiry into the Nature of Death;' but that it could not be read until the account of Professor Faraday's detail of his electro-chemical experiments was concluded.

The reading of Dr. Faraday's paper was then resumed. He stated, as a result from the experiments previously detailed, that there is a definite law of electro-chemical action, and that the best measure of its intensity is the decomposition of water. This law is, that electro-chemical action is directly proportionate to the electric current passed, and that it is not changed by varying the size of the electrodes (poles), the intensity of action, the strength of the solution of acid employed, or the species of acid. The strength of the electricity may be measured by the quantity of decomposed gas collected in tubes, graduated to the hundredth parts of a cubical inch. Such a tube may be called a voltaic electrometer, and its divisions may as justly be named degrees as those of the thermometer.

By the voltaic electrometer, we can determine the character of the products evolved at the electrodes (poles). Some of these are primary, or the results of electric action; others are secondary, being modified, either by the matter of the electrodes, or the chemical action of the decomposing medium. Primary results are determinable by the voltaic electrometer, because they are such results as are directly proportionate to the electric current. The professor then detailed several experiments, showing the difference between primary and secondary results, and establishing the definite nature and extent of electro-chemical action.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 1.—The Right Hon. Sir A. Johnston, V.P. in the chair.—The following papers were read—viz. 'An Account of the *Phansigars*, or Gang Robbers in India, and of the *Shoodgarshid*, a fraternity of jugglers,' by J. A. R. Stevenson,

Esq., and part of some 'Notes on the Mineralogy of the Western Half of Cutch,' by Alexander Henderson, Esq.

The particulars furnished by Mr. Stevenson, relative to the *Phansigars*, were obtained from the examination of part of a large gang, whose head quarters were at a village near Bijapur; the troop consisted of about sixty males, most of whom had families, and were under the command of two Naigs, or chiefs; they were also responsible for the payment of a regular tribute to the Potail, or chief of the village, as the price of his silence and protection: the greatest portion of this gang were Mohammedans, but there were, among them Rajaputs, and men of other castes; their ostensible employment is agriculture, but their only means of subsistence is derived from the plunder of their victims, it being an inviolable rule, never to rob without first depriving their victim of life—never to attack by open force—and never to leave the smallest trace of their crime; they are bound to each other by the strongest oaths, and it may therefore be readily supposed, that great difficulty has been found in endeavouring to put a stop to their infamous practices.† The *Shoodgarshid* is a tribe of fortune-tellers and jugglers, who wander about the Deccan; the term *Shoodgarshid* is of Canarese origin, and is compounded of *Shoodgar*, a burning or burial ground, and *Shid*, proficient or ready, from the custom of the class to prowl about such places to collect certain pieces of human bone, with which they are supposed to work their charms and incantations. They are notorious for kidnapping children, and also for an abominable traffic, consisting in the sale of sinews extracted from the breasts, the wrists, and the ancles of females, which are supposed to be preservative charms against all evil; but, in order to be fully efficacious, they must have been taken from the body of a woman who has recently been delivered: in illustration of this, Mr. Stevenson adduces a case which occurred at Sholapore, a few years ago.

Mr. Henderson commences his observations by stating, that the western half of Cutch may be considered to have two ranges of hills, distinct from those of the eastern half. The southern range is nearly continuous, but the northern is a succession of higher hills, unconnected, and dispersed over the face of the country; the southern range does not average more than 600 feet in height; it rests generally on a base of clay slate, running into sandstone slate, over which is a bed of red or yellow sandstone, acquiring a black colour on exposure, which gives a peculiar appearance to the hills: the general dip of the clay slate is to the south, giving the hills abrupt northern faces, with gently sloping sides to the south, which have, in some instances, followed the direction of the strata so exactly as to give the appearance of artificial paving; the rock having split into square masses transversely: there is no table land in this range. The clay slate of the northern range, where also it predominates, rests on beds of argillaceous clay and bituminous shale, over which limestone and trap rock are occasionally met with; the highest hills are in this range, but even these do not exceed, it is believed, 1200 feet in height. These ranges approximate at the western extremity of Cutch, terminating in low undulating ground, covered with masses of trap rock. After some notice of the rivers and soil, the author proceeds to a description of the stratified rocks—the continuation of which was deferred to the next meeting on the 15th instant.

##### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 6.—H. Hallam, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—Three gentlemen, who had been previously elected, were formally admitted Fellows of the

† A very ample account of the origin and constitution of these bands of organized assassins will be found in the *Asiatic Researches*, Vol. XIII. p. 250.

Society, and another, whose term of probation had expired, was balloted for, and elected.

The Dean of Wells exhibited to the Society a very fine abbatial or episcopal crozier, with the boss and ferule, which were dug up together about thirty years ago, within the consecrated precinct of Wells Cathedral. The relics are of brass gilt, and are highly enriched; the crozier head having within its volute a figure of the archangel Michael, and a dragon, whose tail forms a scroll ornament to support the volute, the volute itself terminating also in a dragon's head. Dragons form the enrichment of the boss, and dragons crawl along the ferule. The eyes of the angel and of all the animals are of rubies, and the bodies are studded with turquoises, all of which remain in their places.

Sir H. Ellis read a long and interesting paper, by Mr. Hawkins, of the British Museum, descriptive of some coins of the reigns of William the Conqueror and William Rufus, which were found lately in a village near Alresford, in Hampshire, to the number of nearly 6000. They were all pennies, and of silver, and appear to have been very little worn.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 4.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—Several members were proposed, and others balloted for and elected. A portion of Professor Schomburgk's paper was read in continuation, which included a detailed description of the measurements, &c. of various trees in different parts of the world, remarkable for their peculiar growth, age, and size. Among the books on the table most worthy of notice, was Beauvois' beautiful folio work on the Insects of Africa, published at Paris in 1805, bought for the Society's library by the council.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 5.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—Three communications were read; the first, by Mr. Prestwich, was on some of the faults which affect the coal-field of Coalbrook Dale, and on the occurrence of trilobites and marine testacea, associated with the fresh-water shells, in the ironstone of that district. The second, by the Rev. Thomas England, gave an account of the coal-field of the forest of Wyre, near Stourport, in Shropshire; and, the third, was on the fresh-water formation of Cerclagne, in the Pyrenees, and on the evidences which that chain affords of obliterated lakes at different altitudes, by Charles Lyell, Esq., For. Sec. G.S.

##### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 28.—The Secretary read a description of the characters of several species of shells from Mr. Cuming's collection, belonging to the genus *Ulima*, of M. Risso. The stomach of a fourth species of *Semnopitheus* was exhibited, showing its perfect accordance with the anatomical description of this organ, as given in the Society's transactions by Mr. Owen. A portion of a paper by W. S. Macleay, Esq., was read, entitled, 'A few remarks tending to illustrate the natural history of two annulose genera—namely, *Urania*, of Fabricius, and *Mygale*, of Walckenaer. *Urania* is a term used to designate a genus of butterflies, remarkable as very high fliers, the specimens of which being obtained either by very small shot from a gun, or by pellets blown through a long tube by the mouth, are mostly mutilated. Mr. W. S. Macleay has succeeded in breeding one species, which he has called *U. Ferdinandia*, and has sent over with his paper, drawings of the insects in all its stages. The second part of the communication, referring to the bird-catching spider, was reserved for the evening meeting of the 11th inst.

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 4.—A communication was read to the Society, which had been received from Mr. John

Mearns, F.H.S., on a method of producing grapes from vine cuttings the first season. The details of Mr. M.'s practice was very interesting, and the success which attends his efforts may be imagined from the fact, that, on the 8th of January, he was in possession of a shoot of Miller's Burgundy grape, with twenty vigorous bunches of fruit upon it, (of the future excellence of which he had no doubt,) that had only been potted and put into heat on the 20th of November preceding.

A note from Mr. Munro was also read, stating the comparative growth of two pine apples of the same age, &c., placed side by side in the stove, one plunged in the tan as customary, the other, according to the suggestions of Dr. Lindley, placed in a shallow earthen pan, in which water, to the depth of 1½ inches, was constantly supplied: the result proved the superiority of the latter treatment, the fruit of the first being only 2 lb. 9 oz. in weight, while the latter, with a much handsomer appearance and earlier maturity, attained the weight of 3 lb. 6 oz.

Flowers of *govenia superba*, a variety of *amaryllis aulica*, camellias, and cacti, were the most prominent in the collection exhibited.

William Courtenay, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, Jan. 31. — Mr. Ritchie undertook, at a short notice, to supply the place of Mr. Brande, who was prevented lecturing by a domestic calamity.

He said he should, in the first place, show some of the new experiments in electro-magnetism; secondly, exemplify the mode of changing the direction of electric currents so as to produce rotation; and, thirdly, prove that in electro-dynamic problems involving three quantities, any two being given, the third could be found. He showed that the magnetic poles were not, as is commonly supposed, the points which possessed the strongest powers of attraction in the magnet; but were merely centres of parallel forces — points to which a resultant equal to the sum of these forces being applied, would produce the same effect. He exemplified the mode of making magnets by induction. This was done by slowly passing the poles of a permanent horse-shoe magnet along a thin bar of iron which had been bent until its ends met, and then welded together so as to form a long oval. When the circuit had been completed, the oval was broken by a smart stroke of a hammer, and each end exhibited magnetic powers. He then deprived them of these powers, by passing the magnet again over them in a contrary direction. The end which had the longer sides possessed the stronger magnetic power. On this fact Mr. Ritchie has been making experiments, and hopes to be able to reduce it to a certain expression. A soft iron bar was next made to rotate by means of electricity. The motion produced was rapid; but Mr. R. stated, he had almost given up the idea of making it a substitute for the steam-engine.

On the third point, we cannot flatter ourselves with having clearly understood Mr. Ritchie. He seemed to say, that electro-dynamic problems present three quantities, and that, two of these being given, the third may be determined. To the first assertion he himself showed an exception, in which he allowed he could not find more than two quantities, and that from one of these nothing could be inferred as to the other. With respect to the three quantities, where they did exist, we understood him to give as one example, magnet, electric current, and direction. In conclusion he stated, that by mechanically imitating the attractive or repulsive effects of electric currents, we could "get back" the electricity originally employed.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY, Feb. 3. — The proceedings of this Society increase in interest. After

the election of officers and other routine business was over, the following papers were read: — Observations upon a small weevil found in Tamarinds, by W. Christy, Esq., F.L.S.; descriptions of several new and singular exotic beetles, by the Rev. F. W. Hope; observations upon the economy of a gregarious species of nest-making butterfly from Mexico, by Mr. Westwood; descriptions of several new Australian spectre insects, by G. R. Gray, Esq.; descriptions of some new British species of cuckoo-spit insects, (*cicada*, Lin.) by Mr. Lewis; descriptions, by Mr. Hope, of several species of insects found in mummies, a great number of which had been extracted from the head of a female mummy of the Græco-Egyptian era, brought from Thebes by Mr. Wilkinson, and which was exhibited to the meeting, having the hair beautifully perfect, and platted in the modern fashionable style termed the three plat. Mr. Pettigrew made some observations upon this and other mummies, stating that from the numerous specimens of insects (500 at least of one species), which he had extracted from the skulls of two mummies, it was evident that the process of embalming must have been a work of some time, to have allowed the admission of so many, several of which had gone through their first change, and their exuvie were as perfectly preserved as the insects themselves. The oldest modern specimen known to entomologists is a coleopterous insect discovered by Sir Hans Sloane in 1710. In some mummies, however, no insects were discovered, as in the one recently opened at the College of Surgeons. Mr. Pettigrew also exhibited two curious breast-plates of mummies, from the collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq., upon which were sculptured the sacred beetle. One of these breast-plates had been brought from Egypt by Belzoni.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Medico-Chirurgical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society (Scientific Business)	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts	Seven, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society	Eight, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Institution	Eight, P.M.
SAT.	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

#### FINE ARTS

##### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This is a well-arranged and interesting Exhibition: many of the works, indeed, have been shown elsewhere, and want the gloss of novelty; and others are not very attractive, either from grace of delineation, or natural beauty of colouring; yet, many of the new pictures display both vigour of conception and happiness of handling, and some which we claim as old acquaintances, may be looked at thrice without weariness. Artists, we fear, are as apt to err in exhibiting too many pictures, as authors in printing too many books. Such is the desire of the world for novelty, that much care cannot well be bestowed upon any work of genius, for he who prints or paints but once in every three years, is likely to be forgotten by the world, or outrun by others in the race for fame. Yet, noble works of genius are not always the offspring of time and study; poems, which the world admires, and pictures, which gold cannot purchase, have been dashed off in one glowing movement of fancy. But then, these are works of gifted minds: ordinary intellects must plod, and plan, and toil, and strive to acquire fame by long-continued efforts and protracted study.

The present Exhibition contains, in all, five hundred and sixty-nine works of art, of which thirteen belong to sculpture: portraits abound

less than formerly, nor are the landscapes so numerous: domestic or poetic painting has come more into favour, but there are pictures of considerable beauty in all the departments. We shall notice some of the best: 3. 'A Dutch Ferry,' by CALLCOTT, is in his own clear, natural, and happy manner; 4. 'A Naughty Child,' by EDWIN LANDSEER, must make many visitors pause: their recollections will readily supply them with images enough to vindicate the fierce, sullen, dogged look of this new-breeched urchin. A character of another kind is impressed by the same artist on 144, 'Suspense': a dog watches, with eyes bright with longing, and chops impatient to be employed, by the hole of a door, through which he expects prey to come: a bloody feather lies beside him, and we imagine we hear the cackling of cocks and hens. No. 156, 'Deer and Hounds in a Mountain Torrent,' comes from the same hand; nothing can be more natural than the foaming stream, the exhausted deer, and the struggling dogs.

JOHN WILSON has some vigorous landscapes: those of GEDDES have the merit of being new, and also natural: his groups, too, are characteristic; one of the best scenes in the rooms is by CONSTABLE — 'A Heath in a showery day': the clouds are like a wet sponge; the ground is soaked, and the air seems filled with moisture: a rainbow bursts through all, and gives a singular splendour to the composition. Perhaps, the most striking picture in the place is 'The Interior of Seville Cathedral,' by ROBERTS; the truth of the drawing, and the splendour of the colouring, will not be easily matched. COPLEY FIELDING, LEE, COOPER, and others, have contributed several clever landscapes.

'The Village School,' by WESTER, is capital: the dunce looks a true blockhead; in vain a good-natured, quick-witted child, tries slyly to help him with his task. 'The Unexpected Return,' by FARRIER, exhibits the confusion of a ladies' boarding-school, when the mistress, who opens the door, is believed to be far off. MCCLISK, too, has contributed not a little to the attractions of the Exhibition: his 'Irish Halloween' we have laughed at before: but his 'Hypocondriac' is a new picture, and strongly impressed with character. 'The Hen-Coop,' by INSKIP, is in his own striking and peculiar way: his 'Perch Fishing,' too, is a picture which no hand but his own could paint.

We may, perhaps, return to this subject again, and name a few more works, which we reckon worthy of public notice.

#### THEATRICALS

##### COVENT GARDEN.

The long-talked of ballet, entitled 'The Revolt of the Harem,' has arrived at last. It was produced on Wednesday, and, with the exception of the well-executed evolutions of the female army in the last scene, and the military dance in the second act, a mighty dull affair it proved to be. These merited and received a vast deal of applause, but all the rest was laudation. The only person who deserves to be named is Madlle. Pauline Leroux, and she, pleasing as she is in person, is but an indifferent dancer. The other importations are inferior to Madame Vedy, and two or three more of the fixtures of the theatre. Monsieur Silvain is one of that hop-skip-and-jump school, now shuttlecock, now peg-top, for which we nourish a favourite aversion. Justice and truth, however, call upon us to say, that he is good of the sort, and that his exertions were loudly applauded. Some of the scenery is extremely beautiful — particularly the first — a part of the Alhambra Palace, opening upon what the learned people who make out the bills at this house, call the "Court of Lyons"! In charity, we were willing to suppose that this was a printer's error, but no — there it was again in the bills



next day, flourishing in full-blown ignorance. We were not aware, until now, that any court of the city of Lyons could be seen from the Alhambra, but "live and learn" is our motto, and we recommend it to the framers of the Covent Garden bills. The bath scene, about which so much has been said, is excellent as far as the Messrs. Grieve are concerned. In all other respects it is far inferior to that at the Adelphi; the little theatre has also a decided superiority in the dresses of the female warriors. We do not think this ballet will do much for the treasury, unless some better dancers shall be marched up to its support. Disapprobation was heard occasionally during the performance, and at the end, but the applause greatly predominated. The music, with the exception of a very few well-known and favourite airs, is dull and heavy, and it was, generally speaking, badly played.

## OLYMPIC.

On Monday a new burletta, in three acts, called 'In the Wrong Box,' was added to the stock—the laughing-stock pieces of this house. In producing this, Mr. Peake has made his first appearance at the Olympic as an author—an appearance which all genuine lovers of broad grins must hail with satisfaction. The first tragic writer of the day (need we name Mr. Sheridan Knowles?) kicked by the sprawling of foreign legs from the mis-called national theatres, has taken refuge at the Victoria; and two of the most favoured of our comic writers (Messrs. Kenney and Peake), expelled by the same indecent means, have found an asylum at the Olympic. As far as a cordial reception goes, the wandering dramatists have had no cause to regret the change, on either side of the water. 'In the Wrong Box' is founded, as stated in the bills, on a story in an entertaining book called, 'Three Courses and a Dessert.' The incidents are improbable—nay, more—some of them are impossible; but Mr. Peake did not care for that—no more did the audience. The materials are highly laughable; and, having dipped the feather of his pen freely into them, he commenced at the commencement by tickling the sides of his hearers, and, having once worked them into a laugh, he took good care never to let them out of it until the curtain fell. "A sea of heads rolled roaring in the pit," and the house had all the appearance of suffering under the "exhibition" (as the Doctors say) of laughing gas. It is superfluous to say, that the piece was completely successful. Mr. Keeley, Mr. F. Matthews, Mr. J. Vining, and Mrs. Orger, exerted themselves to the utmost, and, as has been shown, with the happiest effect. The under parts were played unusually well—we particularly allude to those played by Mr. Wyman, Mr. Salter, and Mr. Huggins.

## MISCELLANEA

**Sale of MSS.**—We observe that the very important and highly interesting collection of manuscripts, state papers, and autograph letters, received by Sir Robert Southwell, while clerk of the Privy Council, and secretary to the Duke of Ormonde in Ireland—his son, the Hon. Edward Southwell, and William Blathwayt, secretary of war, the property of the late Lord De Clifford, is to be sold next week, by Messrs. Christie. There is also a very interesting collection of letters from M. Van der Meer, relating to the Vaudois—orders and warrants signed by the sovereigns of England, from James the First to Queen Anne—letters and papers from foreign crowned heads, Electors and Princes—the original orders to the army at the siege of Londonderry, signed by James the Second, taken at the battle of the Boyne—the correspondence of some of our ambassadors at the principal foreign courts; together with some curious pamphlets, and a few printed books on Heraldry. Some of the

items in the catalogue appear interesting, particularly the letters from the Duke of Ormonde and Lord Orrery, relating to the Popish Plots.

**Popular Chemistry.**—We have been at the Cosmorama in Regent Street, to attend a popular Lecture on Chemistry, illustrated by numerous and well made experiments. As we understand a course of such lectures is to be delivered, we recommend them to the attention of any of our readers, who may be in search of amusement combined with instruction.

**Italian Opera in China!**—Strange as this announcement may appear, it is no less true. We have been kindly favoured with a transcript of a programme of one of Paer's operas. The 'argument' is exceedingly curious, but too long for insertion. Here, however, is a copy of the announcement:—"Italian Theatre at Macao.—The Musical Society will begin to perform on Friday, 26th June, with Paer's celebrated opera, semi-seria, in two acts, entitled, 'L'Agnese di Fitzhenry, o, el Delirio Paternal'."

The principal actors are, Signora Teresa Schieroni, Signor Domingo Pizzoni, Signor Joaquin Bettali, Signor Gius. M. Mayorge, Signor Pino, Signor Gerate; and Leader of the Orchestra, Monsieur Theophile Paniel.

Prices, &c.

The announcement has the following attached: *N.B. The Society has employed all the means in her power to engage the musical men here to touch in the Orchestra; but the excessive price they asked has not allowed her to have them. However, the Society has engaged some of the best musicians, and hopes that the ladies and gentlemen will excuse if the Orchestra is not so numerous.*

**The Vegetable Kingdom.**—A French scientific writer calculates that at Spitzbergen, which is situated near the 80th degree of north latitude, there are only thirty species of different plants. In Lapland, which is under the 60th, there are about 343. In Iceland, which is under the 63rd, there are 353. In Sweden, which extends from the northern part of Lapland to the 55th, there are 1300. In Brandebourg, between the 52nd and 54th, 2000. In Piedmont, between the 43rd and 46th, 2800. In Jamaica, between the 17th and 19th, 5000. And at Madagascar, which is under the tropic of Cancer, between the 13th and 14th, there are more than 5000.

**Paris Improvements.**—Many improvements are in contemplation in Paris. Among the first projects of embellishment is a prolongation of the rue Vivienne, which will be made to extend to the *carrefour*, which the rue de Provence, the Faubourg Montmartre, and the rues Cadet and Richer, will form in their junction.

**A new Porcupine Man.**—A middle-aged man, of very athletic and robust form of body, presented himself at the hospital a few days ago, in order to show himself to the surgeons and students of the establishment. He is completely covered with a green, horny substance, in the form of quills, not dissimilar to those which are produced in the porcupine. The parts which have escaped the deformity, are his face, the palms of his hands, and soles of his feet, every other part of his person is abundantly supplied with this green horny substance. He sheds his horns annually, and a fresh crop succeeds. He has been thus afflicted since his earliest infancy, and all the male members of his family, from the great-grandfather down, have been similarly furnished. His general health is excellent, and all the secretions regular. A model has been taken of him in one of the Borough hospitals. —*Med. and Surg. Journal.*

**Transference of Vital Power.**—A not uncommon cause of loss of vital power is the young sleeping with the aged. This fact, however explained, has been long remarked, and is well known to every unprejudiced observer. But it has been most unaccountably overlooked in medicine. I

have, on several occasions, met with the counterpart of the following case: I was, a few years since, consulted about a pale, sickly, and thin boy, of about five or six years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of all the functions,—what his mother very aptly termed, a gradual blight. After inquiring into the history of the case, it came out, that he had been a very robust and plethoric child up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very aged person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon afterwards lost his good looks; and that he had continued to decline progressively ever since, notwithstanding medical treatment. I directed him to sleep apart from his aged parent, and prescribed tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid. But it is not in children only that debility is induced by this mode of abstracting vital power. Young females married to very old men suffer in a similar manner, though not to the same extent. These facts are often well known to the aged themselves, who consider the indulgence favourable to longevity, and thereby often illustrate the selfishness which, in some persons, increases with their years.—*Dr. Copland's Dict. of Pract. Medicine.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thurs. 30	45 39	30.27	S.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 31	50 46	30.15	S.	Ditto.
Sat. 1	50 38	Stat.	S.E.	Clear.
Sun. 2	53 46	29.08	E.	Cloudy.
Mon. 3	50 38	29.80	S.E.	Clear.
Tues. 4	50 38	29.76	S.E.	Ditto.
Wed. 5	52 27	29.75	S.E. to S.	Rain, P.M.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.  
Mean temperature of the week, 43°. Greatest variation, 26°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.91.  
Day increased on Wednesday, 1 h. 34 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A Selection from the *Lyric Poems* of Goethe, with a few Translations in English and Italian, by the Rev. Mr. Hawtrey.

Shakespeare's *Sämmtliche Werke* in einem Bande (Shakespeare's Complete Works in one Volume), in German and English.

A reprint of Goethe's *Faust*, in German, with an Introduction and Notes, by Dr. A. Bernays.

**Just published.**—The Child of the Church of England, 18mo. 2s.—The Young Seer, by Miss E. T. Dayley, 8vo. 5s.—Job; a Dramatic Poem, by R. Whelton, 8vo. 5s.—Anecdotes of the Animal Kingdom, 12mo. 10s.—Memoirs of James B. Taylor, 12mo. 2s.—Councils to the Aged, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Israel's Sojourn in the Land of Egypt, 8vo. 6s.—M'Lelland's Essay on the Cathedral of Glasgow, 4to. 12s. 6d.—Æschylus' Prometheus Vincit, with English Notes, by the Rev. T. Griffiths, 8vo. 5s.—Stephens on Criminal Laws, 8vo. 12s.—Miscellany of Natural History, Vol. II. Felina Species, 6s.—History of British Colonies, Vol. I. (to be completed in 5 vols.) by R. Montgomery Martin, 8vo. 12. 1s.—The Writings of Washington, with his Life, by J. Sparks, Vol. II. 12s.—Sedgewick's Discourse, 8vo. 4s.—Tyler on Oaths, 8vo. 9s.—Sir Rodolph of Hapsburg, 3 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Napoleon's Dying Soliloquy, and other Poems, by Thomas Stewart, 5s. 6d.—Entomologia Edinensis, by Wilson and Duncan, 12s.—Ingils on Ecclesiastical Establishments, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—The Value of Money, by Mrs. Farwell, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Melchizedek, by the Author of 'Elijah,' &c., 4s.—Whately on Transportation, 8vo. 6s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wormesley.—X.—received.

T. B. left as directed.

A correspondent desires to know where subscribers' names are received for Mr. Dunham's proposed National Biography?

The Reports of the proceedings at the learned Societies, invaluable to absent members, and to the learned in Europe generally, and never before given so fully and accurately as in the *Athenæum*, necessarily occupy so much space at this time of the year, that we have resolved, as they cannot, without injury, be abridged, to give another extra sheet next week. But they may not seem to encroach on the space usually occupied by general literature.

## ADVERTISEMENT

LECTURES ON CRIMINAL LAW.  
KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

MR. COLLYER will COMMENCE a COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE CRIMINAL LAW OF ENGLAND, on FRIDAY, the 14th Instant, at Eight o'clock in the Evening precisely. These Lectures will be delivered with the permission of the Council, and under the sanction of Professor Spenser, with whose Lectures they are connected. The syllabus of the Course, and any further information on the subject, may be obtained by application at the Secretary's Office, 7th Feb. 1834. W. OTTER, M.A., Principal.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

MR. MCULLOCH will COMMENCE this COURSE OF LECTURES on TUESDAY, the 18th Inst. at 11 o'clock precisely; and the Lectures will be continued every succeeding Thursday and Tuesday, at the same hour. The Course will be divided into Two Parts; the First Part will relate to the Production—the Second to the Distribution and Consumption of Wealth.

Fee for each Division, 2s. 6d.

HISTORY.—The Rev. Robert Vaughan will deliver a Lecture on the Method of Teaching General History, on Friday the 14th Inst. at 8 o'clock, P.M.

Admission to this Lecture, and to Mr. McCulloch's Introductory Lecture, will be gratuitous.

THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

Council Room, 4th Feb. 1834.

PRIVATE EDUCATION.

A LADY residing in NORTHAMPTON would be happy to receive into her Family Two Young Ladies, under fourteen Years of Age, and to educate with her own Daughters. Letters to be addressed (post paid) to M.D., at Mr. Dring's, No. 2, St. James's Road, Northampton.

GOVERNESSES.—MRS. DEAN invites the attention of those FAMILIES who may require the aid of GOVERNESSES. Having at present several applications from Ladies of various ranks, MRS. DEAN would feel much pleasure in procuring Situations for them suited to their respective talents. MRS. DEAN will be happy at all times to render Families the above assistance, without any pecuniary consideration—letters to be free of postage.—10, Red Lion-square.

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